

Children's Newspaper, March 5, 1932

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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MARCH 5, 1932

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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ALAS, POOR MICKEY

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Two

GETTING TOGETHER

THE GOOD OLD CUSTOM OF AN ENGLISH DINNER

One or Two Friends Gather
and Talk at a Table

MR BALDWIN'S STORIES OF WORCESTERSHIRE

There is nothing like an English public meeting or an English public dinner.

Sometimes we see the reason why, and we saw it in a dinner of the Worcestershire Association held in London. Mr Baldwin was there, and Lord Irwin, and a little host of Worcestershire men who, though far from home in their workaday world, remember the apple orchards, the winding lanes, the little hamlets, and the ancient towns of their own homeland.

Looking through the report of this dinner in The Times we see why it is that these public gatherings have come to be what they are, indispensable factors in our national life.

Loyalty to Town or County

Let us look at one or two of the things that were said at this dinner.

First Lord Irwin proposed the toast of Worcestershire, and this is what he said :

No man could truly love his country unless that love was founded on the narrower loyalty to town or county. It would be idle to deny that that kind of county interest is gravely threatened today—by communications, tar-macadam roads, charabancs, and, above all, by national education which robs us gradually of our dialects and deprives life of a good deal of its ancient savour.

Then Lord Irwin remembered his exciting days in India, where he was Viceroy till last year, and he was reminded of this letter he received one day :

My Lord, the biggest fool in England appointed you to your present position and you reciprocated by making yourself the biggest fool in India. You are a traitor to your King and country and I pray you will soon be recalled. I sign myself a pained watcher of your stupidities.

The Village Green

Then rose the Headmaster of Malvern College, Mr Frank Preston, who threw this thought into the talk of the evening :

Much of the country life had passed away in the Great War. The spirit of the village green was giving way to the spirit of the centre court at Wimbledon. Even if the countryside did cease to be a residence for their families, it could, at any rate, remain the playground of the people.

Then Mr Baldwin told this story of the Foreigner, which must have made him smile a thousand times :

"He once asked a Worcestershire farmer what he wanted for his hops, and he replied "Protection—I want the foreign hops kept out." In reply

A Promise of Spring



In a world that Man has turned upside-down the snowdrops are more than ever welcome this year, with their promise of the brighter days of Spring.

to what he meant by foreign, he said, *Hereford.*

And Mr Baldwin had this surprising word for Yorkshire folk :

In Yorkshire old traditions lingered, and one thing he liked about Yorkshire was that they had not yet adopted the calendar which came into existence in the reign of James the First, and that the dates for leases were later than the normal quarter days in other parts of England. That was a kind of historical link he liked to see in our country.

One more good story Mr Baldwin told as an example of country humour.

A great friend of mine, a most admirable farmer but not highly educated, was crossing one of his fields when he saw three or four men wheeling a red truck on which were wires, poles, and other kinds of things which they began to unload. They told him they were from the Post Office and were going to put up telephone poles. He asked them whether they had permission, and one of them pulled out a

paper and said "There are our instructions, read them."

My friend left them while he went to the next field, in which there was a young bull. He opened the gate and the bull, seeing the red wagon, went for the men. In two minutes they were running for their lives; and as they ran he shouted, "Have you shown the bull your instructions?"

Then Mr Baldwin said something that everybody will agree with.

He once said a few words to an audience about a book which gave him pleasure. The consequence made him resolve never to mention another book. That book was written by Mary Webb, and not long afterwards, when he was in Worcestershire, he was told that charabancs took people to "Mary Webb's country." "I have practised since then a reserve which may not increase my popularity (said Mr Baldwin), but which will enable me to go to bed at night with a quiet conscience, which is worth all the popularity."

FIRST NEWS OF THE GREAT WAR

MAN WHO KNEW
NOTHING OF IT

A Tasmanian Hermit Comes
to Town

HIS NEW WORLD

A hermit in Tasmania has just revealed himself. He is Percy Goldsmith, who has lived in the Lake Tooms district for 46 years.

He lives in a tiny hut and gains his living by trapping, and has hardly ever been more than two miles from his home. Food was occasionally left for him by his brothers, but, apart from them, he had held communication with no other human beings. His father, who lives four miles away, has not seen him for five years.

For the first twenty years of his life Goldsmith never left the bush, and when he did it was only to visit the tiny township of Oatlands, a few miles from his hut. For the last six years he has hardly spoken to a human being. The Sun is his clock and sickness is unknown.

Seen For the First Time

And now he has visited Hobart, one of the chief towns of Tasmania. He has seen, for the first time, the sea, streets, crowds, electric light, trams, and motors. A new world has been opened to him. He tried smoking for the first time, but did not like it. A swift motor-ride was, in his own word, good, and so were the Talkies; but he most amazed those who were showing him round when he indicated that he was entirely ignorant of the Great War.

Into his little world of trapping and eating and sleeping it had not entered.

In these days of wireless and newspapers it seems impossible that such a state of affairs could exist within a few miles of a township. That it exists in Tasmania proves that it must also exist elsewhere, and it is a circumstance that gives us much food for thought.

The world is stricken with financial ailments; great discoveries alter the lives of mankind; wars come and go; but still the elemental life of man goes on. Trapping, eating, sleeping, so lived our ancestors, and so live some men still. Civilisation has brought a full train of problems, but Nature still offers, to those who have the mind to take it, the simple life: gives game for food, the Sun for warmth, and trees for shelter.

THIS DIFFICULT WORLD

For more than two months in a French Commune near Toulon there has been neither a mayor nor even a council.

The electors also have gone on strike. The trouble arose because some quite necessary expenditure is beyond the means of the Commune to pay. In the meantime nobody can get married.

THE BATTERY TRAIN AND A TRAIN THAT MAKES ITS OWN POWER Electric Railways Without a Live Rail A CAR WITHOUT GEARS

Three interesting items from the world of transport come together in the news this week.

The Irish Free State is to electrify some of its railways without heavy expenditure for re-laying tracks.

This has been made possible by the success attending the trials of the new battery invented by Dr J. J. Drumm, of University College, Dublin, which has already been mentioned in the C.N. Electric storage batteries have been used for various forms of transport, but hitherto have proved unsuitable for railway work.

They have been incapable of supplying the suddenly increased flow of power necessary for making quick starts or sudden increases of speed. Dr Drumm's new battery has overcome this difficulty.

A Quickly-Charged Battery

It is capable of discharging its power rapidly when needed, and can also be charged quickly without any appreciable loss of efficiency.

This being so, full use may be had of the battery, which can remain in operation all day. The first train using the Drumm battery is to operate a fourteen-and-a-half-mile journey between Dublin and Bray. Halts at each end will be of fifteen to eighteen minutes duration, and during this short period the battery will be re-charged. Normally several hours are required for this process.

Short runs and frequent recharging are all that is being attempted at present, but a battery can be made to operate longer journeys, when recharging could also take place from lengths of live rail while the train is in motion. On page 3 is a picture.

Oil and Electricity

While Ireland is operating an electric railway with battery-driven trains, an interesting car which makes its own electricity has just been demonstrated on an English railway.

This rail-car, the Tyneside Venturer, burns heavy oil. It has a 250 horsepower Armstrong-Whitworth engine of the Diesel type driving electric generators which in turn supply the motive power. Thus the car, which has all the advantages of an electric train, is independent of outside electricity supply.

The Tyneside Venturer is to go into regular service on a Newcastle branch line. It has accommodation for 60 passengers and can travel comfortably at 60 miles an hour, but a trailer with an extra 90 seats may be added with very little sacrifice of speed. Its initial cost is comparatively high, but it is remarkably cheap in operation.

Motoring Made Easy

During the past year or two the C.N. has told of remarkable inventions for eliminating the gear-box from cars and thus removing one of the chief difficulties of the new motorist, that of changing gear.

A number of vehicles fitted with these devices are on the roads now, but by next year there will be many more cars without gears. A well-known car manufacturer is to incorporate in some of his 1933 models the device invented by Mr Robertson, a British engineer.

Instead of having a gear-box there is a little hydraulic-controlled ram which engages with the clutch flywheel. This is operated by a small lever on the steering-wheel, and with its help the motorist can travel at a mere crawl of a mile and a half an hour, or at a mile a minute. Acceleration is rapid and as a result hill-climbing becomes easy for the inexperienced driver.

It seems as if the gear-box is doomed.

THE WORD OF THE LEAGUE TO JAPAN WILL SHE REMEMBER HER HONOUR? Geneva's Appeal to the Heart of the Japanese People HISTORIC DOCUMENT

The League's Note to Japan will rank in history as one of the important documents of Peace. We take this extract from it, as the most dramatic part of the world's protest against the Japanese War on China.

It is the first time the League has sent out such an appeal to a great nation making war.

Good relations between States can only be secured by cooperation and mutual respect and no permanent solution can be achieved by force, whether military or merely economic. The longer the present situation continues, the wider the breach between two peoples will become and the more difficult the solution will be, with all the disasters that would mean not only to the two nations directly involved but to the world in general.

The 12 members of the Council are far from disregarding the grievances advanced by Japan, and throughout all these months have given her the full confidence which they owed to an associate of long standing who had ever been punctilious in fulfilment of all her obligations and duties as a member of the Community of Nations.

The Pact of Paris

They cannot but regret, however, that she has not found it possible to make full use of the methods of peaceful settlement provided in the Covenant; and recall once again the solemn undertaking of the Pact of Paris that a solution of international disputes shall never be sought by other than peaceful means. They cannot but recognise that, from the beginning of the conflict which is taking place on her territory, China has put her case in the hands of the League and agreed to accept its proposals for a peaceful settlement.

Japan has an incalculable responsibility before the public opinion of the world to be just and restrained in her relations with China.

The 12 members of the Council appeal to Japan's high sense of honour to recognise the obligations of her special position, and of the confidence which the nations have placed in her as a partner in the organisation and maintenance of peace.

WE DO LIKE PLUMBERS A Wise Man of a Maligned Race

The other day we were boasting that we, the C.N., had been put up to auction at Kettering and fetched 4s 6d.

Today we are prouder still, for we have fetched 5s 9d at Kinross.

Here, as at Kettering, the year's copies of the C.N. are sold in advance to anyone who likes to take them home after they are finished with in the Reading Room.

For ten years the same master plumber has headed the bidding at Kinross, but he has never had to pay so much as 5s 9d before. We are proud that he thinks we are worth it, and we like to feel that a new saying will arise out of all this: *A plumber and his C.N. will never be parted.*

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Burns letter and the reply	£1360
A Thackeray MS	£780
4 vols Watteau engravings	£700
Dickens Christmas Carol 1st ed.	£480
Seven letters of Dickens	£393
1st ed. Vicar of Wakefield	£120
Music MS by Bach	£58
A 47-page MS by Captain Scott written in 1903 in the Discovery was sold for	£76.

ALAS, POOR MICKEY The Mouse Who Ate Too Much

We have often seen Mickey Mouse hopping merrily out of almost every terrible situation imaginable, from the jaws of a hippo, which he mistook for a summer-house, to the claws of an eagle.

But now there is sorrow in the vast family of Mouse, for another little Mickey has come to his death, and (O, sad disgrace) not in the most creditable way.

It appears that he loved coconut too much, and his greed was his undoing. If he could have kept the lithe figure of the famous Mickey he might have been at least as agile as that inimitable creature, but he died through being too fat to get out of a very narrow and awkward situation.

He found a coconut in a shop at Leamington. He gnawed his way through its hard shell, and then he poked his head in and began to eat.

A Fable For Aesop

He ate and he ate, wriggling in a little more from time to time to reach the choicer bits. At last he began to have that uncomfortable feeling which comes when Tommy longs for a little more yet fears he has no room.

"Well, I suppose there is always a tomorrow," this little Mickey must have thought as he began to back gently out of the coconut. And then the awful thing happened.

He could not get out. He backed and he wriggled; he wriggled and he backed. There was no room to turn, and the hole which had been big enough for a small hungry mouse was not big enough for a large mouse full of coconut.

When the owner of the shop came down in the morning he noticed a long tail and two little black legs sticking out of a hole in the coconut, and poor little Mickey was dead, suffocated.

Aesop would have made a fable of it, but we can only say *Alas, poor Mickey!*

POST OFFICE WAKES UP One More Good Idea Adopted

BUSINESS REPLY SYSTEM

We are delighted that the Postmaster-General has adopted the idea the C.N. suggested last summer—that it should be made possible for business people to have replies posted unstamped and pay for them on receipt.

The essence of the system is that a business firm can send out what is in effect a stamped addressed envelope on which postage need not be paid unless it is used. If the reply envelope comes back the firm is charged with the cost, but not otherwise.

The adoption of the system by the Post Office will be a great help in business.

If a firm makes use of the scheme it obtains a licence and makes a deposit at its local post office. The charge for the reply is to be the normal postage plus a halfpenny. That is to say, if the reply is used the charge is a halfpenny extra.

We said last July that the idea was a good one and pressed it upon the Post Office. We are glad to think that our new P.M.G. moves with the times. Now will he cheapen the telephone, please? It costs us fivepence to say Good-morning 20 miles away.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Amenophis	Am-en-o-fis
Korneuburg	Kor-noy-boorg
Reykjavik	Ray-kyah-veek
Verkoyansk	Vyer-kah-yahnsk

ARTHUR DAVIS AND HIS DOG A Friend in Need

FOUR MILES TO SAVE A LIFE

Arthur Davis's dog was his best friend, and will continue to be so while they both live.

That is easily accounted for, because the dog saved Arthur's life, though to the day of its death it will never understand why. But this is the explanation.

The young man was cutting timber in a clearing near Inverell, in New South Wales, when his axe slipped badly and cut deep into his ankle. It was a dangerous gash, and from a severed artery the blood flowed steadily and could not be stanchied.

Davis, at all events, knew no way of stanching it, and there was no one near to help. He was alone at his tree-felling, the nearest house four miles away. He fainted from loss of blood. It was morning when the accident happened.

His Only Friend

He regained consciousness once, and began to crawl toward his lonely camp in the forest. Again he fainted, and when he woke again it was 9 o'clock at night.

One more desperate effort he made; though racked with pain and weak, he managed to crawl to his camp by midnight. Here he found one friend, his dog, which was chained up and rapt with joy at seeing him. But there did not seem any way in which it could help.

There was none still when he released it in the hope that he could make it understand that it was wanted to go for help. The dog, faithful and affectionate, but uncomprehending, would not leave him.

During the long hours of the night Davis and his dog kept vigil together, the hope in the man's heart sinking lower and lower. But at dawn he made one more effort. He wrote a note to a neighbour, telling of the accident, and with trembling fingers tied it under the dog's collar; then urged the dog once more to go.

Something, perhaps some old association of things given him to carry, woke in the dog's brain. Off it bounded into the bush.

Help at Last

Four miles it had to go to reach the neighbour. Three wire fences, each seven feet high, had to be crossed. And the dog must do it that day, which was Sunday, because it was the only day on which the neighbour was sure to be at home. If the dog did not find this man, whose name was Brown, young Davis would succumb to loss of blood.

The dog did find Mr Brown, and the Good Samaritan arrived at the camp early on Sunday morning. He brought the dog back, and he took young Davis to hospital at Inverell.

There he has recovered, and every Sunday when he walks out with his dog will be a day of remembrance for both of them.

THINGS SAID

Keep walking and live long.

Mrs Harriett Gregory, aged 100.

Well batted, Dad.

On a children's wreath in memory of their cricketer father.

The Bright Young Thing is dead, and so are the novels written for her.

Mr Charles Morgan

Other-worldliness is the only thing that can really transform this world.

Dean Inge

It takes a conscientious man to tell the difference between being tired and being lazy. Boy Scout Thought for the Week.

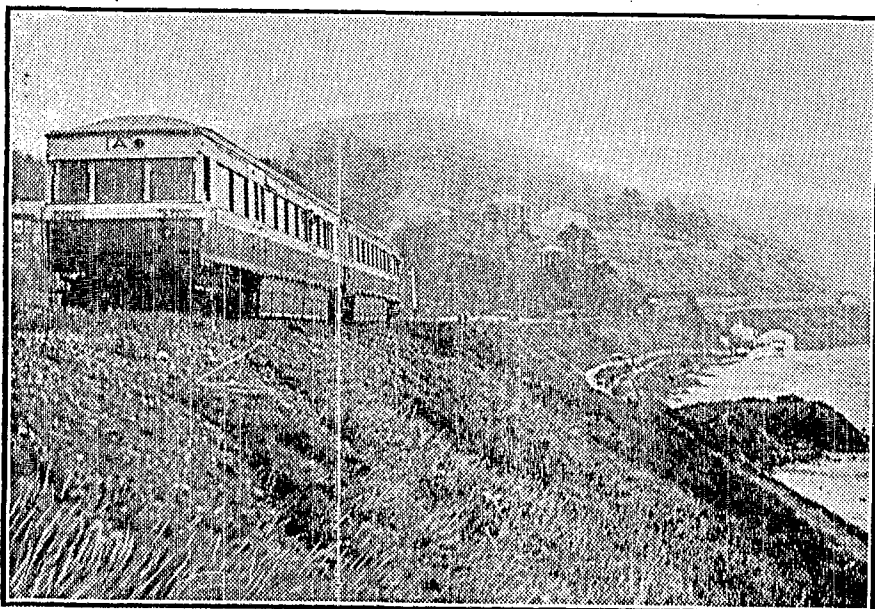
Many street accidents are probably due to people driving after taking alcohol. A London Magistrate

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The Children's Newspaper

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THE BATTERY TRAIN · A TIMBER SLEDGE · SAFETY FIRST AT CROYDON



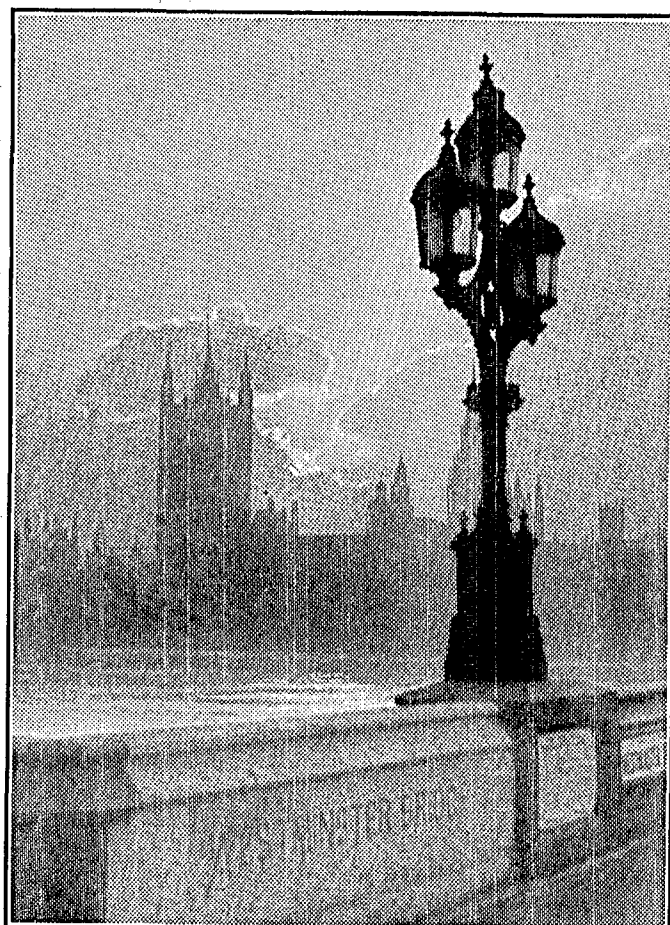
The Battery Train—A train driven by electric batteries is now running regularly between Dublin and Bray. The batteries can be rapidly recharged at the end of each trip. See page 2.



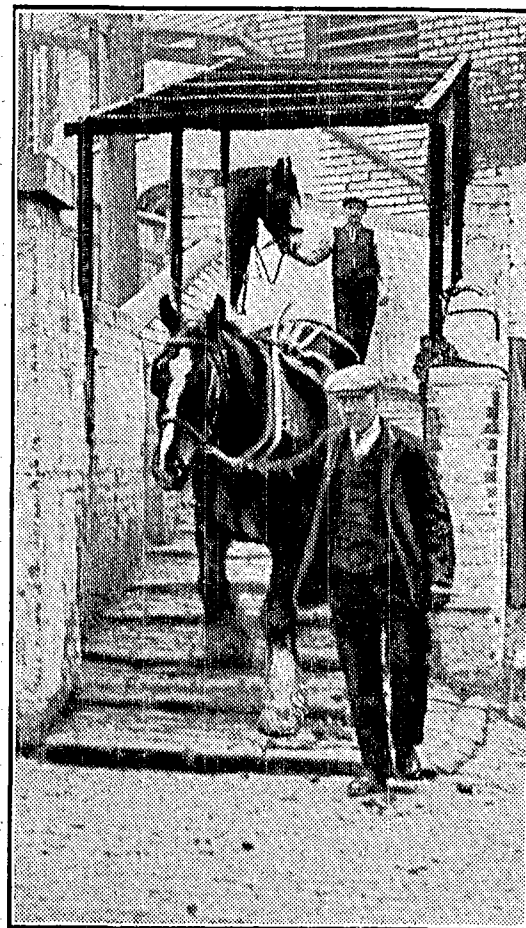
Where Wheels Are Not Wanted—In the Forest of Dean timber is hauled on sledges. Where the ground is soft this primitive mode of transport is better than wheels.



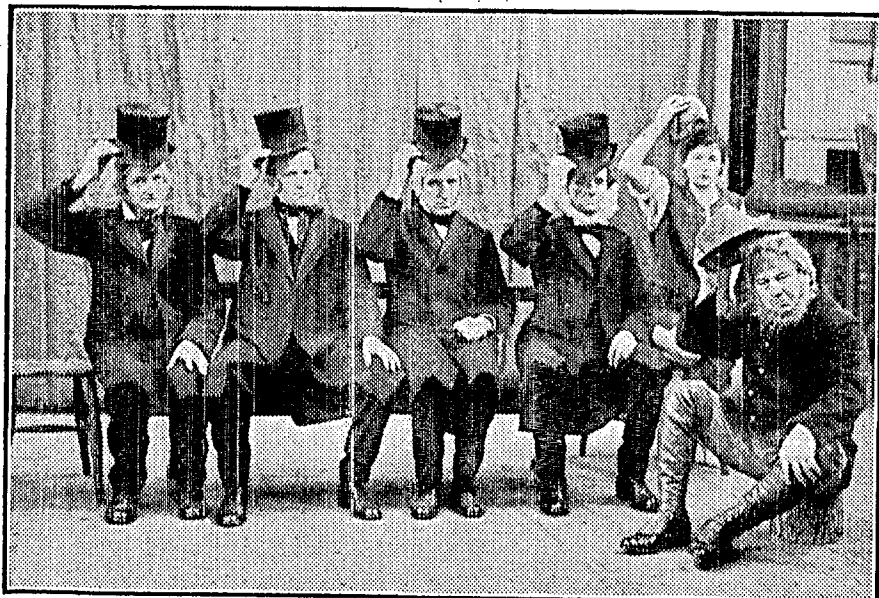
In Festival Attire—These little Mexicans enjoy dressing up no less than the boys and girls of other lands. They are wearing the traditional costumes of their country.



Clouds With Silver Linings—The setting Sun makes an impressive background for this view of the Houses of Parliament. The picture was taken from the Lambeth end of Westminster Bridge.



Horses Sleep Upstairs—The L.N.E.R. stables at King's Cross are on two floors, so some of the horses have to go upstairs to bed. Here are two of them coming down.



The Little Minister—Here is an amusing scene from Sir James Barrie's famous play *The Little Minister* as it was performed recently by the Perth Scottish Players in the local theatre.



Crossing in Safety—Croydon now has a new kind of traffic signal. When pedestrians wish to cross the road they operate the lights by pressing a button. See page 4.

THE FRIENDLY HOUSE

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF THE WORLD

One More Step in the Great Crusade For All

IMPROVING LIFE IN 41 LANDS

From a Travelling Correspondent

You may have passed it a dozen times without noticing anything special about it.

From the outside it looks like many others of the big houses of London except for a small brass plaque on the door. But one cannot be ten minutes inside without feeling that it is a house with unusual work to do in the world, and one with its own ideas of how that work should be done. It is a friendly house, a busy house, a sympathetic house, a house that fosters friendships and knows how to be Home to lonely young women from all over the world.

Courage and Inspiration

It knows more than this: it knows how to fill them with courage and inspire them with enthusiasm for lonely days and magnificent work in all corners of the globe in after-years. Because it is this kind of a house Lady Barrett predicted of it in its early days that it would be "an event in life and an event in the life of the world." And so indeed it has proved.

In its brief public career this friendly house has sheltered over two hundred young women from 41 lands, women who go back to their countries, or on farther into the great world, to follow all the branches of nursing with a more perfect knowledge and a more faultless skill, thanks to their year's special study at Bedford College and their year's residence at the friendly house in Manchester Square.

A Trip Round the World

Of these two hundred England and Austria have sent over a quarter. Czecho-Slovakia, Latvia, and Poland follow next in the countries which have most profited. Germany, Spain, Italy, Hungary, and Estonia have each sent five students; France, Greece, the United States, Siam, South Africa, Finland, India, and Iceland have each sent four; even China, Japan, Uruguay, and Venezuela have their representatives.

Merely to be introduced to the girls who are there this year leaves one feeling that one has taken a trip around the world. One begins in the north in Finland, drops down to Poland, and thence to Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary, over to Italy, across the border to Yugo-Slavia, and east to Bulgaria, then south into Greece. From there one must take a boat for India, then on to New Zealand.

Essentially English

One of the charms of the house is that it is essentially English. Its rooms are nobly proportioned; shimmery curtains are drawn at tea-time against the falling night; the fire burns brightly in the grate; the divan is deep and comfortable; the piano that the old girls gave takes the reflection of the softly-shaded light; and the bright tulips in the big bowl breathe out a fresh perfume.

Behind the drawing-room a serviceable library has all the girls need for their work as well as some of the best books in English for their pleasure. Upstairs the international note is struck again, for each bedroom door wears a label—Canada, Bulgaria, and so on. As one knocks on the door one is likely to hear the language of the country mentioned on the card being spoken inside. And when the occupant shows off her room she proudly points out the embroidered cushions, the curtains, the rugs, or the etchings which are characteristic of the art of her own homeland. "There is a little bit of all the world

THE GRAND DUKE'S BURNING-GLASS

How Sir Humphry Davy Set Fire to a Diamond

INTERESTING THING SEEN IN FLORENCE

The burning-glass with which Sir Humphry Davy set fire to a diamond has lately been seen by an English scientist during a visit to Florence.

Parts of the apparatus he used are missing, but the big burning-glass and its supports and little round table are still intact.

Sir Humphry Davy left England in 1813 on a Continental tour, taking with him as his secretary young Michael Faraday. In the Florentine Museum Davy saw the great burning-glass of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and he conceived the idea of setting fire to a diamond by the heat of the Sun's rays, aided by oxygen, the gas that so greatly helps combustion.

Nothing But Pure Carbon

He placed a diamond, supported by a piece of platinum wire, in a glass flask, and with the burning-glass he concentrated on it the rays of the Italian sun.

In the flask was oxygen gas. The duke's glass consisted of two lenses about 15 inches in diameter and a smaller one of three inches diameter. The heat of the concentrated sunshine played on the diamond for nearly three-quarters of an hour, with brief intervals for letting the glass flask cool, and suddenly Sir Humphry Davy saw the stone catch fire and burn brilliantly with a scarlet flame.

It continued to burn for about four minutes, and a chemical analysis of the products of combustion left in the flask satisfied Davy that diamonds are nothing but pure carbon.

Continued from the previous column

in this house," a Chinese girl said of the Home. It is equally true that there is a little bit of this house in all the world.

The friendships made here are not forgotten, and these young women go out to their work knowing that they are "members one of another." However lonely their task may seem, somewhere on the very outermost edge of civilisation, they know they are not alone; that they have companions in forty lands who fight the same fight for a healthier life and a better world.

Is there anywhere a more thrilling document in the annals of women's work than the Old Girls News Letter? The news that is set down in it is the barest of bare facts, but for anyone who has the gift to read between the lines it tells volumes of romance, of courage, of far-flung adventure. Take these items for example:

Miss T. (Denmark) is going with a Danish Mission into the interior of Mongolia.

Miss S. (England) gives her address as General Hospital, Singapore.

Miss H. (Iceland) is doing Public Health Nursing among fishermen and their families.

The Chief Medical Officer of Gwalior writes about Mrs K.: "She delivered lectures in Marathi, Hindi, and English, all given to educated and uneducated. The fact that her lectures were appreciated by all proves what one can do with a sweet and persuasive tongue."

Miss A. (France), working in Syria among Armenians, Syrians, Arabs, and Jews, describes the deplorable sanitary conditions, but adds: "These people place in us a confidence, so complete, and show us a gratitude so sincere, that we find in this our greatest recompense."

To the women who go out from the friendly house in Manchester Square international understanding is no vague dream of the future: it is a reality of the present.

GENEVA

Disarmament Conference to Sit For Months

GETTING ARMS UNDER CONTROL

All eyes are on Geneva this week, watching the event of the century, the first Disarmament Conference the world has ever known. No result can be expected at once, for the Conference must last some months.

The talk of many years has now materialised, and Disarmament is actually written down in black and white in the pages of a document placed before every delegate as he seats himself at the Conference table.

This document is the rough draft of an international treaty for limitation and reduction of armaments which the Conference has to consider.

A Huge World Parliament

Months of study by the Preparatory Committee resulted in the framework of this treaty, which the present Conference must fill in with facts and figures of (for example) man-power on land, tonnage on water, horse-power in the air, and pounds in the Budget. Article after article will be studied in detail, picked apart and put together again, and by the end of the Conference arms will doubtless be under some kind of international control instead of, as now, subject only to a nation's will.

Universal agreed limitation is the first essential step, coupled with general reduction all round.

The general discussion is expected to last till Easter, and committees will only get to work some time in May after the Conference of the International Labour Office has finished its annual session. It is in the committees that questions will be threshed out in detail, while in the general discussion probably many problems other than disarmament, such as debts, unemployment, and economic policies, will find a place. In this huge World Parliament are being considered the difficulties of more than sixty nations.

CROSSING THE ROAD IN CROYDON

Turn On the Red Lights

The people of Croydon are trying an experiment in traffic control which the people of Manchester have been too bothered to carry on with, often to their own injury we feel sure.

The press-the-button control of traffic has been adopted at Croydon, and if pedestrians will only be patient it will reduce greatly the number of accidents that occur in its busy highway.

A person wishing to cross the road presses a button on a pillar supporting the familiar red, green, and amber signals. The red light shows against the traffic and holds it up for 20 seconds.

Two minutes must then elapse before the red light can be made to hold up the traffic again; yet if the button has been pressed during that period the mechanism records the fact, and comes into action at the right interval without further pressing by the waiting pedestrian.

The adoption of the press-the-button system in other busy towns, and of course, its sensible use by pedestrians, will free many a policeman for other work.

These signals will be a reminder to pedestrians that they have an equal duty with motorists in taking every possible care to avoid adding to the appalling number of accidents which occur on our roads today. We cannot understand why Manchester has given up the system. *Picture on page 3*

While the great Free Trade System he did much to establish was being upset in Parliament a bust of Mr Gladstone fell to the ground and was damaged in All Souls College, Oxford.

A MAN OF THE TREES

PARSON SIMPKIN OF THE LUMBERMEN

Giant Redwood in Memory of a Very Good Fellow

SPECIAL ACT PASSED

Can any good thing come out of Wigan? Yes. Parson Simpkin came out of it.

This Wigan man, whom Lancashire knew as the Rev Peter Atherton Simpkin, a member of a family of colliery men and proprietors in the Wigan coalfield, was a personage far beyond his native town and county.

He went to America and, first becoming a minister, found his life-work among the lumbermen of the American and Canadian backwoods. They grew to know him as their best friend, and it was by them that he was familiarly called Parson Simpkin. His official title was that of Supreme Chaplain to the Lumbermen's Association of America. He was no mere preacher. The lumbermen, whom he knew and befriended, and the conditions of whose life and labour he strove successfully to improve during more than forty years, thought of him in quite another way.

He Takes His Church to Men

Someone among them wrote a poem about him, known as Parson Simpkin's creed, which began:

*He does not call mankind to church,
He takes his church to men;
Content the open road to search
And speak God's truth again.*

The work he performed is enduring. The lumbermen will not forget it; but to show what they thought of their friend of so many years they have dedicated to him a memorial as appropriate as it is unusual.

By a special grace passed by the Californian Legislature they obtained permission to dedicate to him one of the Giant Redwood trees growing in the Calaveras Grove, State Park, California. Such trees are specially secured from harm or interference as the enduring property of the State.

Tree 3000 Years Old

The giant the lumbermen chose was a seedling perhaps 3000 years ago. It soars now to 280 feet. Its trunk is 60 feet round at the height of a man from the ground.

It is a monument which, in the poet's words, is more enduring than brass.

At its foot is a huge granite boulder, relic, perhaps, of an Ice Age older than the tree; and on it is a bronze tablet which simply says who Parson Simpkin was and what he did.

Tablet, tree, and boulder alike are witness to the gratitude which shines in the hearts of men and the deeds that can win it.

AN OLD HAT'S STORY

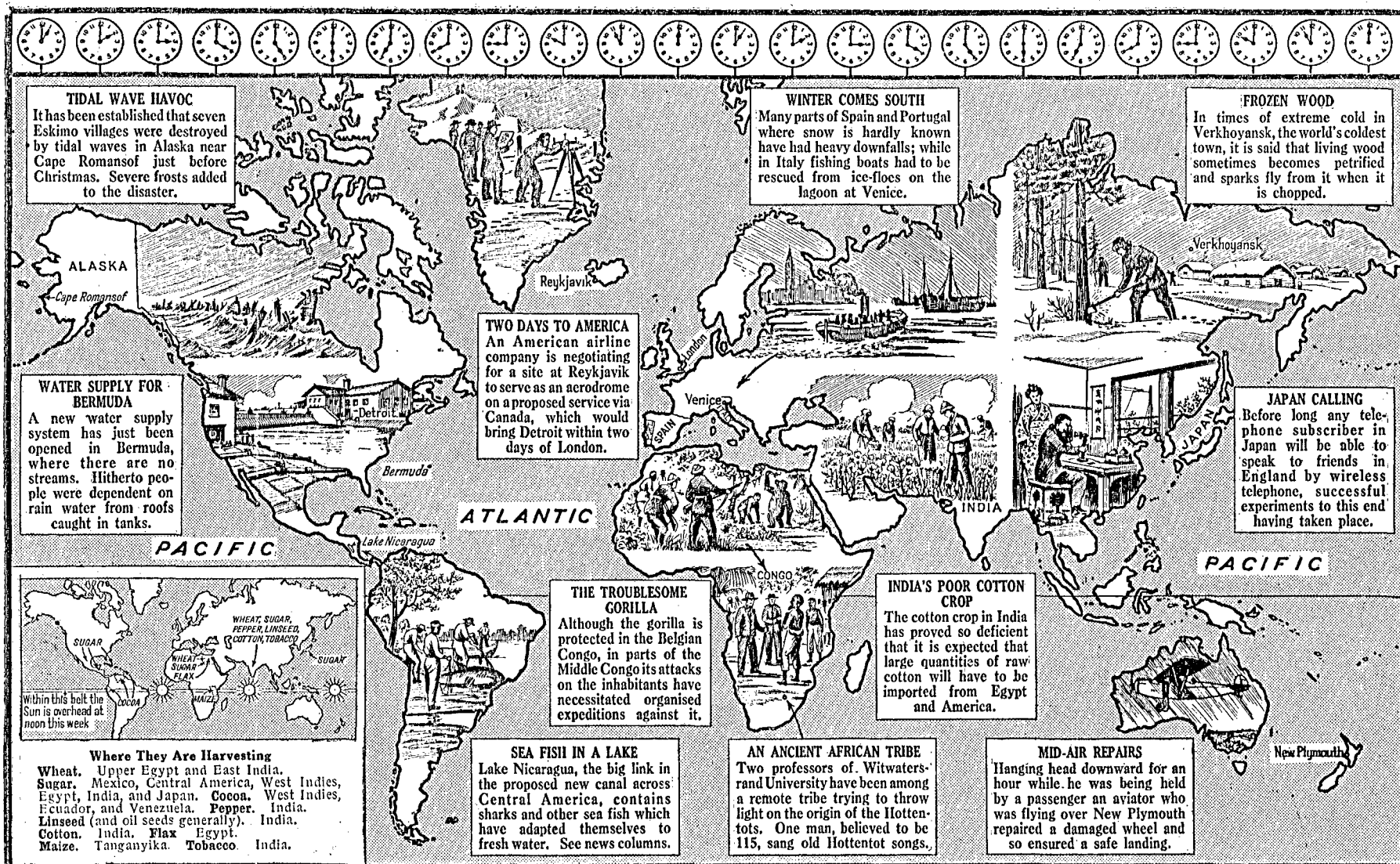
By the side of the road which winds up from Comara, in the back blocks of New South Wales, hangs the strangest of memorials. It is an old felt hat.

Time-worn and battered, and covered with moss, it has been there for thirty years. The farmers going down the road in their carts (or newer cars) point it out, and to a stranger will say that it is all that is left of poor Frank Burke.

Burke was driving a cart along the cutting by the precipitous bank when some unknown cause frightened the horse. It bolted; and horse, cart, and driver went over the side. The cart was smashed to splinters far below. The horse, strangely enough, was found halfway down the bank unhurt. But the driver was killed.

They found his body after a search, and some man in the party took the hat which lay beside him and hung it on the branch of a tree. There it remains, and nobody touches it or ever thinks of moving it.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FRESH SHARKS FOR OLD Nicaragua's Great Aquarium

Nicaragua and its lake became famous because through them it has long been proposed to cut a canal as a rival to that of Panama.

But the lake itself has another title to fame in the strange life within it. A million years or so before man lived in the isthmus a great volcanic upheaval shook the Atlantic coast near by.

It closed the inlet which made the lake in that geologic period part of the ocean. The sea-water fiord became an imprisoned body of salt water that could discharge only over precipitous falls into the River San Juan, which discharges into the Caribbean Sea.

Nicaragua Lake at that time became one of the world's largest inland seas, with all its salt-water inhabitants imprisoned in it. The centuries went by, and the rains and streams flowing into it changed the salt water into fresh.

The fishes could not change bodily with their changing circumstances, but they could change their habits, and did. They accustomed themselves to fresh water, and have apparently not suffered from the strange sea-change.

Sharks swim there, and many smaller fish whose forefathers were natives of the Caribbean. Their cousins in the sea from which the Nicaraguan fishes are cut off do not disport themselves more merrily than do the exiles in fresh water.

It is a curious example of topsy-turvydom in a world which in other ways seems upside down. See World Map

A QUICK LUNCH FOR A MONSTER

A great electric coaling plant has been installed at the Gorton locomotive sheds, Manchester, which holds 500 tons of coal. It can fill the tender of a giant engine at the rate of 10 tons a minute.

This machine lifts the wagons of coal up to the top of the plant, emptying them into the hold. As the engine tender passes beneath the plant it is filled.

BRAVE COOKIE A Gold Medal For Him

The other day the Royal Humane Society held its annual general meeting and awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal for the bravest deed of the year to Cookie.

If you saw him peeling potatoes you might not take him for a hero, but the Royal Humane Society knows.

Cookie's other name is George Jenkins of Walton, Liverpool.

He was ship's cook on the John Williams V, the London Missionary Society auxiliary schooner, when she was making her passage from the River Clyde to Colon.

A gale was blowing at the time and the vessel was in mid-Atlantic when a man was washed overboard.

Cookie is not an expert swimmer, but he jumped overboard with a lifebelt and struck out toward his shipmate. So tremendous were the seas that the schooner became unmanageable when the engines were stopped. A lifeboat was launched with great difficulty.

Cookie remained in the raging waters for an hour, but he could not find his shipmate and was lucky to be picked up by the lifeboat himself.

Cookie is an honour to his calling and his country.

TEN MILLION SOLDIERS France and Her Friends

It is reported that one of our public men has contributed to a number of American newspapers a very serious article on the armaments possessed by France and the group of nations with which she is said to be associated in military alliance. These nations are Poland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugo-Slavia.

The article says that France herself has five million trained soldiers, and that by her active training and the military assistance of her friends the entire French group accounts for no fewer than ten million soldiers.

THE C.N. PICTURE GALLERY

Another Supplement Next Week

Are you collecting the C.N. Picture Gallery?

The supplements given with this paper each week form a most interesting collection of pictures, and this has been realised at many schools, where the photogravure pages have been pinned on the classroom walls. This week's supplement, showing Wonders of the Modern World, is the third of the series, and there are more to follow.

Next week, for instance, the supplement will take the reader to many famous places in the Motherland and will show them as they are seen by the flying-man. The flying-man's view today will be the familiar view tomorrow.

Make sure of obtaining your copy of this splendid photogravure supplement, The Motherland From the Air, by ordering your C.N. now. Give the newsagent an order to deliver the paper regularly.

THE POCKET WIRELESS

The roof of Brighton Town Hall carries a secret. It is the policeman's wireless station.

The policeman of Brighton will soon carry a secret, too, in the form of the world's smallest wireless set, tucked into his pocket. These sets, which are six inches long, ring a bell when a message is about to be broadcast.

Tests have already been carried out, and were very satisfactory. They had only one fault—the Ordinary Listener heard them! But experts have now so adjusted the apparatus that only those who know the wave-length can listen-in.

When it has been thoroughly tested in the South the sets will be served out to police all over the country.

Henry Goodall, believed to be the last survivor of the 80 men at Rorke's Drift in the Zulu War of 1879, has died at Birmingham.

UNEMPLOYMENT OF MONEY

The Astounding Lack of Enterprise

STORY OF FOUR JANUARYS

The unemployment of men is matched by the unemployment of capital. An extraordinary lack of enterprise now prevails. New businesses are not being started and old businesses are not being expanded.

According to the careful estimates of the Midland Bank the new capital subscribed in the United Kingdom in January was actually less than £3,000,000. Here is the record of the four last Januaries.

January 1929	£47,400,000
January 1930	£16,900,000
January 1931	£12,300,000
January 1932	£2,900,000

Need we wonder that men are unemployed while those having money to invest refuse to put it into industry?

The fact is that the spirit of depression has so seized on the minds of our business men and financiers that they fear to embark upon enterprise. We earnestly hope the attention of the Government will be directed to these remarkable figures, for they have the power, if they care to exercise it, to encourage the nation in its work.

THE SMALL BOY ON THE LORRY

Small boys on the backs of lorries are usually a danger to themselves and to everyone in the street, but the other day a small boy in Tayport prevented a serious accident when the horse yoked to a lorry took fright and bolted.

This seven-year-old Scot was seated at the back of the lorry, and many people called to him to jump. But he clung on, made his way to the front, and put on the brakes. They brought the lorry and the horse to a standstill, and one more small boy had proved his worth.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 5 1932

The C.N. Bill For the Countryside

Every lover of the countryside will pray that Sir Hilton Young will succeed in piloting through Parliament the Town and Country Planning Bill he has introduced to the House of Commons.

If there should be any difficulty with the Government Bill the C.N. suggests a Bill of its own which might easily be passed in a few of those hours Parliament often spends on smaller things. This is our Bill.

A Bill for Preserving the Beautiful Countryside of Our Motherland

Be it enacted that nothing shall be done on the King's Highway or in our country lanes which shall spoil the beauty and the quiet and the joyfulness of our countryside.

1. No road built and maintained by public money shall be spoiled by private persons. It shall not be made ugly by advertisements of any kind, or by ugly houses, or by anything displeasing to the eye. No advertisement of any kind shall be put on the roof of any building or on the walls of any building other than a house connected with the business so advertised.

2. It shall be forbidden to erect any petrol station within sight from a public road except from plans approved by the Committee of Public Taste appointed by the County Council, and on all ugly petrol stations existing three months after the coming into operation of this Act a tax not exceeding £5 a month shall be imposed.

3. It shall be forbidden in any circumstances anywhere to roof bungalows or houses or any other places with the pink squares which are an abomination wherever they are seen.

4. Rattling and noisy vehicles of all kinds shall be utterly forbidden in any public place.

5. It shall be forbidden to throw down in any street, road, lane, park, or any public place any cigarette paper, photographic film case, orange peel, banana skin, any glass, or tin, or rubbish, or litter of any kind, and any person offending against this law shall be fined £1 for the first offence, £5 for the second, and for any offence thereafter shall be deprived of his or her vote, as a citizen burdensome to the State.

6. It shall be forbidden to spoil or damage any tree, to take any bird's nest, to pull or destroy wild flowers, or selfishly or thoughtlessly to destroy in any manner the attractiveness of our public ways. All questions of taste under this Act shall be decided by the Committee of Public Taste appointed by the County Council. The Committee shall have power to impose penalties for offences against the Act, and all fines inflicted under the Act shall be spent by the County Council in planting trees along our public ways.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Civilisation and the Artist

WE are delighted that the Ministry of Labour has done its best to remove the impression that there is a restriction on the entry of foreign artists into our country.

There is not, and there has not been, any such intention. Artists of standing are admitted without question, and all applications are considered on their merits. Undoubtedly civilisation would suffer seriously if artistic barriers were to be added to Customs barriers. Life is immeasurably fed by the artist, and nations who seek to bar artists because they are foreign doom themselves to lack of culture and loss of material wealth. It is to be feared that this is not yet understood in some quarters.

Waterloo

ALL London is sick of the business of Waterloo Bridge.

It is a record of incompetence from the beginning until now, and the end of it appears to be that Charing Cross Bridge, which nobody wants, is to stay, and Waterloo Bridge, which everybody wants, is to go.

So London, too, is upside down, and all the world seems going mad. It is what the Great War has brought us to—a fool's world.

Take Away That

DISRAELI, in his old age, was offered an air cushion. He replied: "Take away that emblem of mortality!"

All that I love best in Dizzy (says Mr Desmond MacCarthy in his new book of Portraits) is in that story: his unconquerable hatred of the ugly prosaic, his readiness to accept anything at the hands of life except humiliation; his quick fantastic magnetism which made him recognise instantly in that indiarubber object the emblem of mortality more sinister than a skull.

Is it always wise to refuse to face facts? Perhaps only Nelsons can afford to put the telescope to a blind eye. But, at any rate, it is good to be ready to accept anything at the hands of life except humiliation. Thus do men make themselves conquerors.

The Dear Telephone

WE are not a telephone-minded people, says the Postmaster-General; we should have 750,000 more telephones.

We think they would come if the Postmaster-General were a better business man.

If he will make the telephone the cheapest instead of one of the dearest things in the country he will soon have his 750,000, and more.

Who?

WHO would sacrifice the wonderful mosaic of cultures called Europe for a World State as dull in its uniformity as America? E. B. Osborn

Two Threes

A FAMOUS scientist in his latest book predicts that we shall soon have

*Synthetic rubber,
Synthetic wood,
Synthetic food.*

That is interesting, but in the meantime, just to go on with, may we have

*Signposts that we can read from a car before coming right up to them,
Laundries that do not break the buttons on our shirts,
Railway hotels where they seem pleased to allow us into the bathroom?*

In the End

It may be happiest in the end for a man to have known the war's sorrow and lived on to see his country face and conquer, as she most surely will, the difficulties just now besetting her. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

Tip-Cat

A WOMAN's thoughts should be above her dress, says a writer. But her hat is never beneath them.

SOMEONE has been tampering with a sunshine recorder. Trying to throw light on it.

A DRESSMAKER says society girls do not know their own minds. Can't make them up as they do their faces.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the calendar is upset when we steal a March

must do as they are told, says a teacher. Unless they are told off.

MUSIC Written on Chocolate, says a headline. Just a bar, we suppose.

GOON workmen are usually silent. Yet their work is sound.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A BIRD SANCTUARY of 271 acres is proposed at Dungeness, Kent's Farthest South.

LORD LEVERHULME's Trustees are giving £2000 a year for Economic Scholarships in London.

YOUNG unemployed men at Widnes have formed a Rover Scout crew.

JUST AN IDEA

The League of Nations is at least as hopeful at twelve years old as Christianity was at twelve.

The Man at the Door

By Our Town Girl

THE man in uniform at the main entrance of the Albert Hall before the afternoon Sunday concerts began was a few Sundays ago being watched.

If the Commissionaire answered one question while the watcher stood there he must have answered nearly a thousand. Nearly each person arriving asked him two questions. Some were necessary, some superfluous, but each one was answered with extreme politeness, and more often than not with a smile.

Some of the questioners were sent round to another part of the building; some were shown straight in, and for all the Commissionaire opened the door.

Several of the people going in were old, or lame, and these he helped with courtesy and a charm of manner. Indeed, it was this that attracted the watcher's attention. When her turn came she, too, was told politely where she must go. But after this there must have been hundreds more questioners pouring in.

It might be said that this is the man's business, and that he is paid to answer questions; but, all the same, there are two ways of doing everything, and, although it is easy to be polite, what a difference it would make if everybody in the world thought so!

The Prayer of Festus

Grant us, O God! that in Thy holy love The universal people of the world May grow more great and happy every day;

Mightier, wiser, humbler, too, toward Thee. And that all ranks, all classes, callings, states

Of life, so far as such seem right to Thee, May mingle into one, like sister trees, And so on one stem flourish: that all laws

And powers of government be based and used

In good, and for the people's sake: that each

May feel himself of consequence to all And act as though all saw him; that the whole,

The mass of every nation may so do As is most worthy of the next to God; For a whole people's souls, each one worth more

Than a mere world of matter, make, combined,

A something godlike, something like to Thee.

Philip James Bailey

The Lady Who Lived in London Town

A lady lived in London town; Her street was mostly grey and brown, But every spring her window-sill Was gay with sheaves of daffodil; Or bowls of crocus glistened there For all the passers-by to share.

And often to that lady came A happiness she could not name, A mood that made her hum a song And sped her daily tasks along. That mood had come, she knew not why, But we could tell, we passers-by, Who blessed her through our working hours

Because she let us share her flowers. Country Girl

March 5, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

7

ACRES OF BLAZING
FORESTTHE GREATEST BUSH
FIRE FOR YEARSDesperate Efforts to Fight
Nature

TERROR IN NEW SOUTH WALES

From an Australia Correspondent

One of the worst bush fires of recent years is raging in New South Wales.

That statement probably means very little to English readers, for they have never seen a bush fire and cannot realise what a terrifying spectacle it is, nor how quickly it can travel, destroying stock and feed as it goes.

Australia has experienced a very wet winter, during which the grass grew luxuriantly long and thick. Then came the hot winds, and dried it until it was like tinder. Now the slightest spark will set it ablaze, and, fanned by the north winds, the flames race over the ground, shoot up the huge trees until the top-most branches are aflame and send sparks flying ahead to ignite areas still farther off.

An Organised Battle

It is estimated that more than fifty thousand sheep have been lost, in addition to cattle, and at one station alone 309,000 acres have been swept by fire.

Hundreds of men are fighting the flames, sometimes with success, sometimes only to see the flames take a fresh hold and sweep on in spite of their efforts.

Fire-fighting has become a well-organised battle. Before the dry season comes huge breaks are burned, so that if a fire reaches the gap in the forest it will be unable to bridge it. But if the fire is fanned by a sufficiently strong wind the sparks carry over the break and fresh danger ensues.

During the dry season a strict watch is kept for any sign of smoke. Aeroplanes are being extensively used for this purpose. A man at headquarters sits with a map in front of him, marks down reports brought in by returning airmen, and sets the telephone wires going with messages to the various centres.

Scarcity of Water

If there were plenty of water in Australia the fire-fighting would be simple, but it is scarce. There are few big rivers, and the creeks never supply sufficient water to do more than offer refuge if the flames become too fierce, sometimes not even that.

The brunt of the fire-fighting is borne by the men of the district, supplemented by voluntary fire-fighters from the nearest towns. An elaborate voluntary system of registration enables the authorities to have cars and men at their disposal. Even the women's clubs in Sydney have their fire-fighting volunteers, who place their cars at the disposal of the authorities to drive men to the burning districts, to carry food supplies, clothes for the refugees, and to transport any of them to near townships.

Heart-Breaking Results

The fire is actually fought with green branches and wet sacks. The men advance in lines, beating at the flames. It is unbelievably hard work. The heat of the flames is terrific, and men are often blinded by the smoke. You can imagine the heat coming from trees, fifty or more feet high, blazing from the topmost branches to the ground. The fires, of course, are not always in thick forest country. Often they are over open grass country, and although the heat may be less it is more than made up for by the dense smoke and the rapidity with which a grass fire will spread. This has to be seen to be believed, and it is said that,

A TALE OF TWO CATS

The Tale of Three Cats which we published a little time ago has reminded a reader in Hull of a Tale of Two Cats, which he thinks also deserves a place in the C.N. We agree with him, and this is the story.

ONE bitterly cold morning, as I was setting off to take my Sunday School class, I noticed a little kitten crying piteously in the street. I could not stop then, for the children would be waiting for me in the cold and rain, so I hurried on, hoping that someone would see the poor little thing and take pity on it.

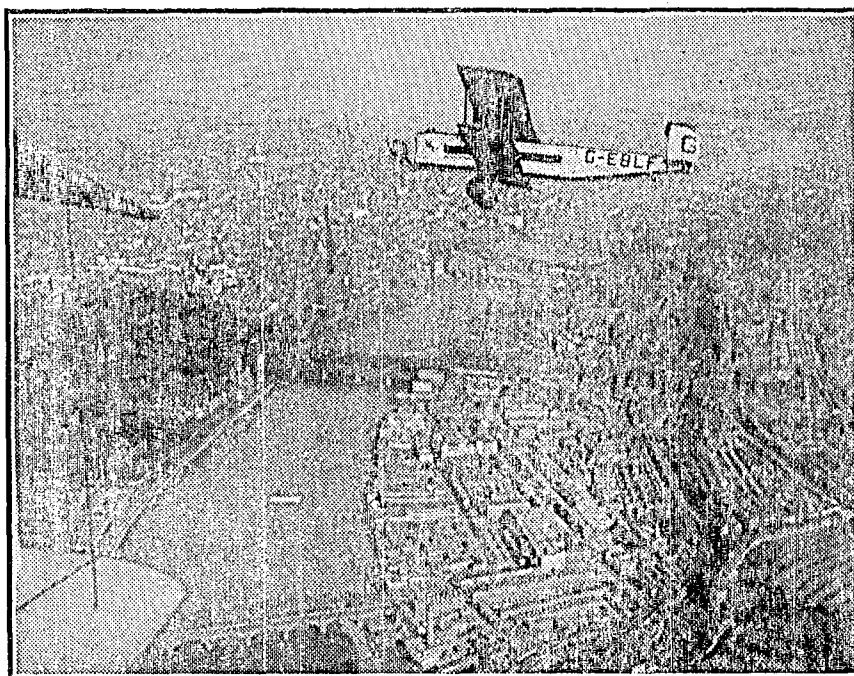
But when I came home it was still there in a worse plight than before, for now the snow was falling. My wife and I had no particular liking for cats and did not want to adopt a kitten, but something

had to be done. My wife put some potatoes, gravy, and a bit of meat in a saucer, while I got a sack and put it in a sheltered place on the doorstep under the porch. Then we called the kitten.

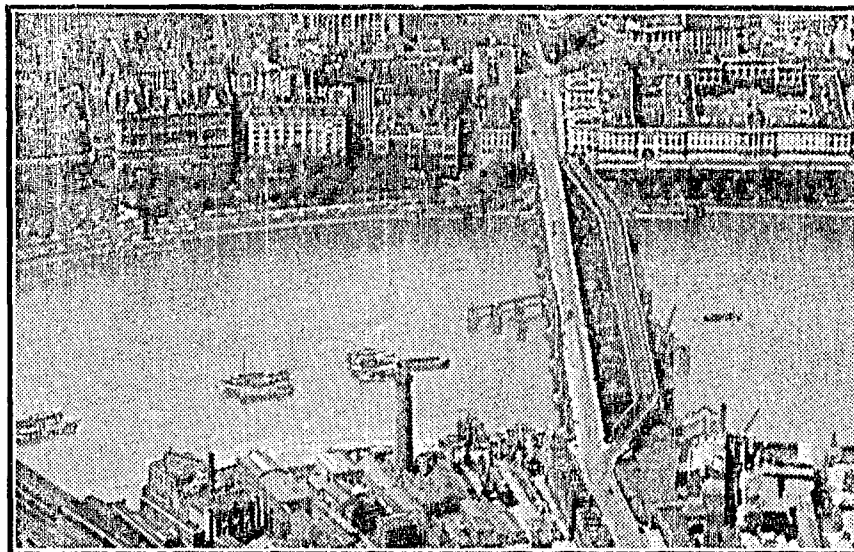
Two cats answered our call; the poor little half-starved foundling and a big, well-fed cat, which ran to the door and put its nose into the saucer, not taking any food, but turning constantly to the kitten and encouraging it to eat, as if to say: "Go on, young un; it will do you good!"

Soon the saucer was empty, but the big cat had not had a bite. It then persuaded the kitten to lie on the sack, and cuddled up close to it to protect it and keep it warm.

WATERLOO BRIDGE FROM THE AIR



An air-liner passing over Waterloo Bridge



The fate of Waterloo Bridge has been decided: it is to be pulled down and a new bridge built. For the past few years the crippled old bridge with the temporary structure beside it has been a landmark to airmen over the capital, as these pictures show. The subject of next week's photogravure supplement is The Motherland From the Air.

Continued from the previous column

with a strong wind behind it, the fire will travel as fast as a man on horseback.

The women do their fair share of work too. They prepare tea and cut sandwiches for both the fire-fighters and the refugees; they mend clothes, attend to burns, and sometimes even join in the fire-fighting.

In the present fire no homes have been lost up to the time this was written, but in some previous conflagrations both homes and lives have been lost. Even without tragedies such as these the results of the fires are heart-breaking enough. Thousands of acres of land are laid bare, and any sheep and cattle saved have to be driven to other parts of the country for food, an operation which involves considerable ex-

pense in grazing fees. The denuded country will be of no use until the rains come and a fresh growth ensues. Fences are burned, and not only must they be replaced but, during that process, cattle stray and intermingle with cattle from other stations, and more time is spent in sorting them out.

It is no wonder that the smell of smoke is an unpleasant one to all Australians. Even we in the cities share this dread, for there are days when the wind will bring the smell of bush fires right into the heart of the city, and, walking down a street with trams and motors hurrying past and tall buildings on either side, one can smell the acrid odour of wood smoke, and a few black ashes blown here and there tell of the danger that is creeping across the country.

NOBLEST PHARAOH
OF THEM ALLAKHENATEN'S BROKEN
SARCOPHAGUS

A Relic of a Splendid Failure

KING OF THE DISC OF THE SUN

Of Akhenaten, the Pharaoh who was the father of Tutankhamen, very few certain relics remain. But one has just been found.

It is the magnificent alabaster chest, with carved protecting vultures at the corners, which was designed to be the outer case of the King's coffin. But it is not whole. It is smashed into small pieces, as if violent hands had been laid on it in desecration.

Thereby hangs a tale. It is that of the great Egyptian King who in his brief life sought to turn Egypt from the old gods, to free her from the chains of a too-powerful priesthood, and to convert her to the sole worship of the Sun.

He changed his name from Amen-hophis, which implied that he was the representative of the old god Amen, to Akhenaten, which meant that he was the King of the Disc of the Sun.

A Great Temple

He abandoned the ancient capital of Thebes, and at Tel-el-Amarna laid out a new capital with a great Temple, and small ones to the morning and the evening Sun and to the Sun of night. He designed for himself and his bride from the East, the lovely Nefertiti, a palace and a smaller house, where they might be happy together far from the ceremonies of State.

He had not lightly entered on his career as a reformer. He had inherited from his father, the ruler of the widest Empire that had ever been, a great kingdom. But it was of diverse nationalities and religions, and it was threatened with rebellion at its outskirts. He had the idea of finding in the worship of the Sun a religion to which all would conform.

For a time he succeeded, though he was a very young Pharaoh with a constitution much weaker than his will. For some eighteen years he was happy in the pleasure city he had built. Then he died.

The Desecrated Tomb

At his death all that he had done was uprooted. Where his capital stood is now a burning desolate region in a vast amphitheatre of sand, broken with watercourses and low hills, and a narrow strip of cultivated ground.

Three poor villages are nigh, and these and a huge granite monument are all that is left to mark the place where the pleasure city stood, and where Akhenaten and Nefertiti, the "fair one who comes," and their children sailed on the lake in the cool evening.

On his death the city was devastated; all the things that he had done were revoked. The alabaster chest, broken in pieces, is believed to be one of the evidences that the people, led by the old priesthood, desecrated his tomb.

The heresy of the worship of the Disc of the Sun vanished as if it had never been, and nothing but the story remains.

Old Superstitions Revived

When Akhenaten's son came to the throne the priesthood had triumphed. The old superstitions were revived, and the worship of the old god Amen, to whose power the name of this son, Tutankhamen, testifies.

Tutankhamen's young shoulders bowed under the weight cast on them. Akhenaten had failed because he was not great enough to reconcile the old and the new. To Tutankhamen the priesthood which held him in thrall vouchsafed the most splendid of all the tombs of the Pharaohs, whereas of Akhenaten the only material relic, the mummy in the Cairo Museum, is not known certainly to be his.

STRANGE SIGHT ON A COMMON

Why They Burned the Caravan

OLD CUSTOMS THAT PERSIST IN THE NEW WORLD

A strange sight was seen on Botany Bay Common, near Southampton, the other day.

A fine yellow caravan with red wheels was burning, and a crowd of people were standing round without making any attempt to put out the fire.

They had, as a matter of fact, set it on fire as a solemn act of respect to the memory of a dead woman. They were following an old custom which takes us back to the funeral pyres of the heroes. In the caravan they burned all the dead woman's possessions, just as the ancients laid a hero's sword and helmet on his pyre.

Her Word Was Law

The woman for whom this strange old pagan ceremony was performed was Lavinia Bowers, aged 75, head of a little colony of van-dwellers. For the most part the van folk are showmen, travelling about the country with roundabouts and swings, but making the Common their headquarters. The old lady's husband, who died long ago, was a horse-dealer known as Noah Bowers.

When Lavinia was dying she ordered that her caravan was to be burned, as her mother's had been nearly 30 years ago. Very few follow the old custom now, and no doubt her five children would have been glad to turn an honest penny by the sale of the van. But old Lavinia was head of the colony, and her word was law.

The picturesque incident would have pleased George Borrow. Its wastefulness displeases us all, but it is certainly remarkable to find this custom of the ancients being practised today.

THE BLIND MAN'S FINGERS

Unseeing Detective

For some time the police have been trying to trace the forger who has been passing off bad five and twenty-schilling notes in the neighbourhood of Korneuburg in Austria.

They failed because the forgers made such clever copies of good notes that their victims did not discover the fraud till it was too late.

But the rogues who deceived the sharpest eyes in Korneuburg were caught at last by someone with no eyes.

There is a man in the town named Joseph Brunner, who was blinded in the war. He keeps a small tobacco shop, and has to know his goods and give correct change aided only by his finger-tips, which have become very sensitive.

The other day he heard a boy's light step, and a piping voice asked for a box of matches. The young customer was sorry he had no change, and asked:

"Would you change a five-schilling note?"

"Certainly," said the blind tradesman.

But as he took the note he felt there was something wrong about it. The paper that had deceived scores of others did not deceive him.

"Who gave you this note?" he asked the boy, and then heard the sound of flying footsteps.

The blind man told the police.

Later he heard the boy's voice again and knew it at once, and this time the boy did not get away.

The police went to the lad's home, where they found a forger's plant.

The family had been doing a thriving trade quite unsuspected, preying on the poor tradesmen of Korneuburg. But, thanks to Joseph Brunner's sensitive finger-tips, they will do it no longer.

LONDON'S GREAT JUMBLE SALE



Second-hand clothes become third-hand



Looking for treasures among the china



A draper's model in strange company



The boot and shoe department



A pair of skis for 12s

One of the most fascinating places in London is the Caledonian Market at Islington. Fifty acres in extent it is actually a cattle market, but on Tuesdays and Fridays it becomes a market for almost anything and a happy hunting-ground for those in search of bargains.

ROMANCE PASSES BY

The Little Fiddler of Dublin

Sometimes real life is more romantic than a novelist's story.

A delightful thing happened in the streets of Dublin the other day, and it was so like romance that no novelist would have dared to put it into a novel. All the critics would have said that it was stretching coincidence too far.

A young girl named Lillian McEvoy had been struggling to make a living with her violin. For five years she had travelled with small theatrical shows, and just managed to make two ends meet, but when the touring company got stranded near Dublin she was penniless. It had been impossible to save anything, and no one would give her work. There was nothing to do but to play in the streets of Dublin like a beggar.

The other day she saw a car draw near the kerb. After listening for a while a man got out, gave her some money, and drove away.

The Men in the Car

Next day she saw the car again. This time there were two men in it. The younger one got out, gave her some money, and asked for her address. In great wonderment she told him where she lodged.

In a day or two came a letter from the manager of the Dublin Theatre Royal offering her an engagement.

The street player was lifted into the seventh heaven of delight. Here was a chance to step out of beggary and to put her foot on the first rung of the ladder.

But there was an even greater delight in store for her.

The manager said that she had been recommended to him by Kreisler!

The gentleman who had twice stopped his car to listen to the street player was the most famous of violinists.

How she must be wishing she had known, so that instead of spending his coin on bread and coffee she could have kept it as proudly as a medal!

VIOLIN AND THIRD FLOOR BACK

By Our Town Girl

Oh, dear! In that big house with so many rooms, let to so many people, what a bother it all seemed at first!

The lady who wanted to play her violin couldn't play in the afternoons because the old lady next door must rest then. She couldn't play it after 10.30 at night because some people wanted to sleep. She couldn't early in the morning because other people didn't want to wake up. What about the rest of the morning time?

Well, that was all right until someone who tried to write things came and took the third floor back over the violin room, and on the first morning, took out pen and paper and began to think. Then the violin started, and all thoughts scattered, for the room was filled with the wailing notes from below.

Presently there was a tap on the violin door. Very gently it was suggested to the Violin that it would be doing a kind action not to raise its voice in the mornings. The Violin was nice about it, but explained the other obstacles, and simply didn't know what to do. Nor did the Third Floor Back, who had been driven to hoped-for quietness from a Second Floor Forward somewhere else.

Then suddenly Violin and Third Floor Back had one idea together.

Violin now simply sleeps on in the mornings until 12 while Third Floor Back tries to write. Then Violin has its innings till 1.30, while Third Floor Back types what has been scribbled out (One of the things is *this*).

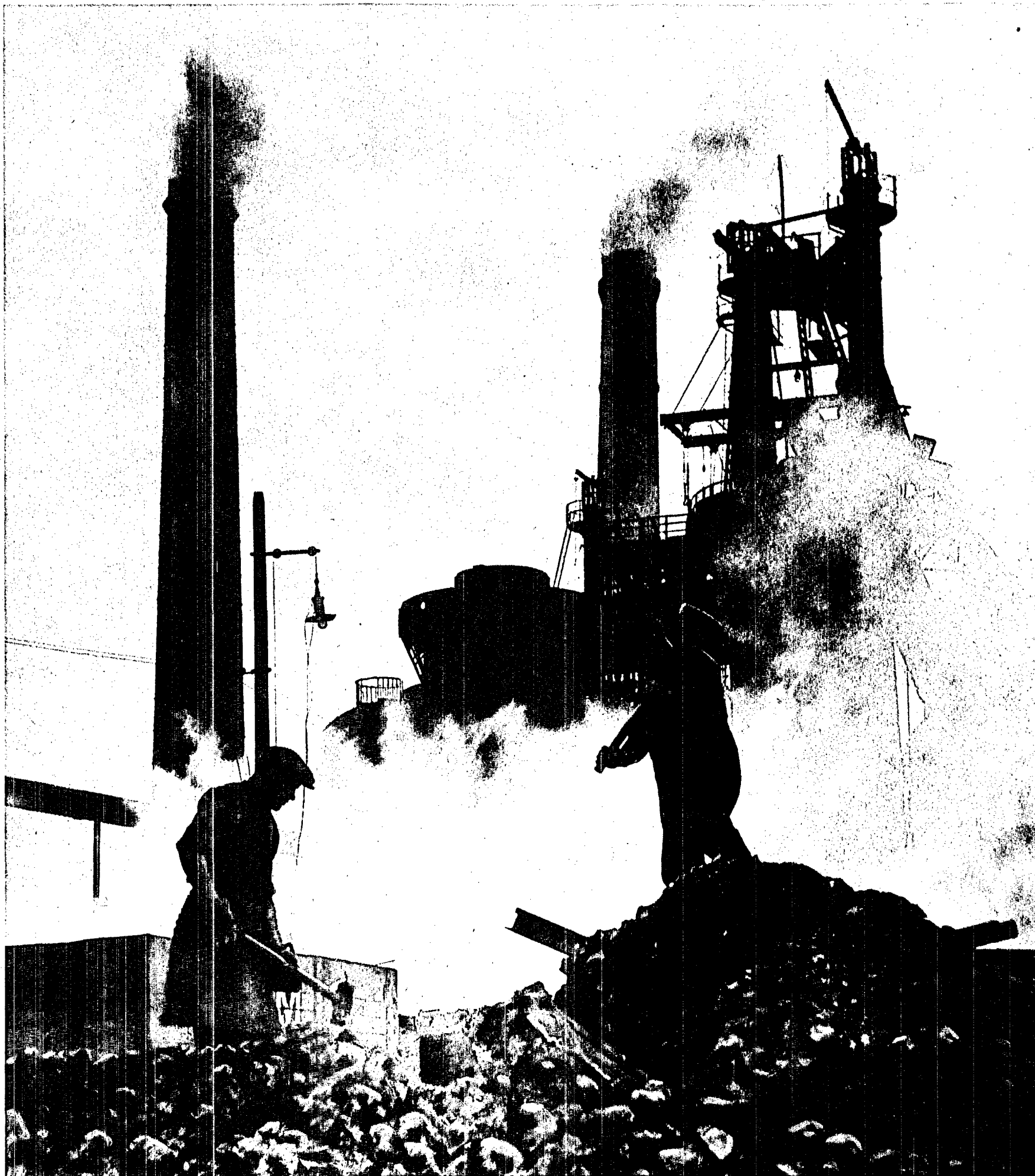
So everybody is happy. That is because Upstairs asked a favour of Downstairs instead of lodging a complaint, and Downstairs looked with broad-mindedness at the other's point of view.

WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD

Marvellous and Impressive Scenes in Man's Workshop

We hear much of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, and wonders they were in their day. The wonders of the modern world are not seven, nor seventy, nor seven thousand. It is true to say that we are so sur-

rounded with wonderful things that we cease to marvel at them now, taking for granted each fresh conquest of the brain of Man. It is well that we should remind ourselves of the unceasing marvels of the daily life of the world.

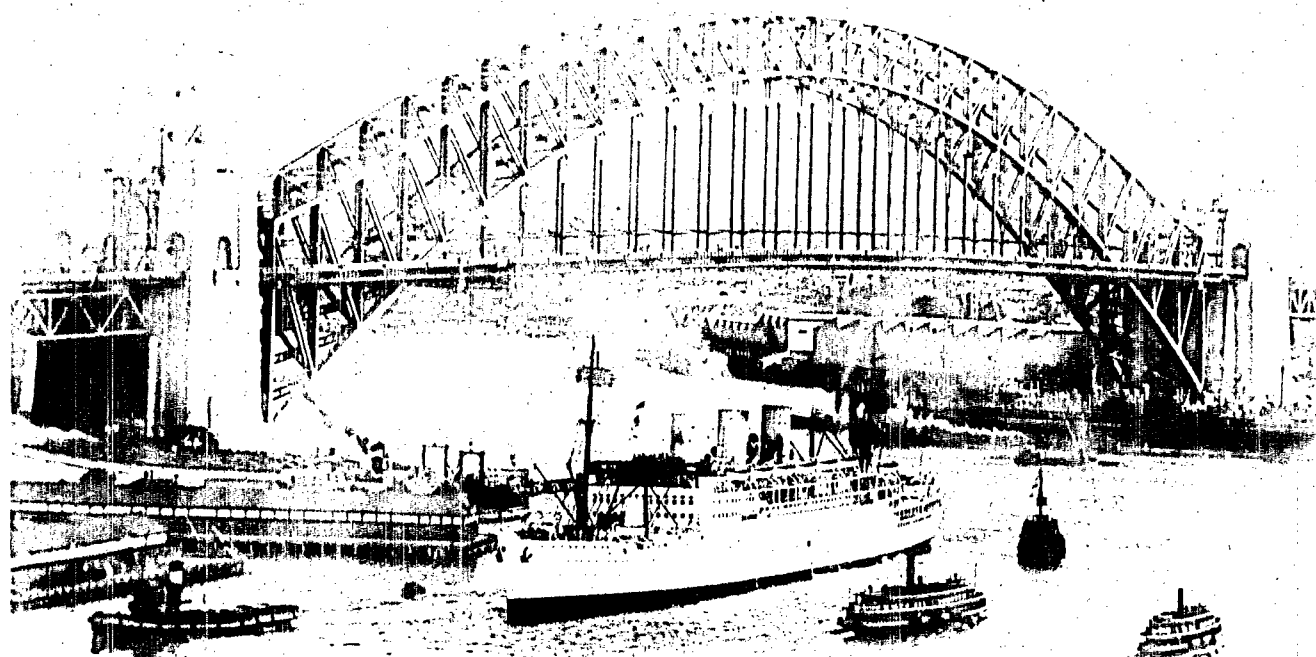


The beginning of steel—workmen preparing iron ore for the blast furnaces at a South Wales ironworks.

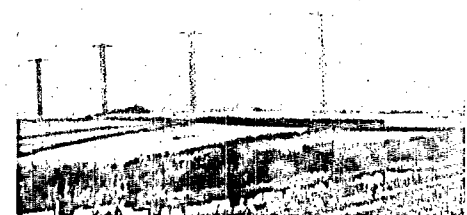
Iron has been known and worked for thousands of years, but it was not until the middle of last century that efficient methods were evolved of treating it to turn it into steel, the wonderful metal which,

in the various forms modern invention has given to it, is now used for so many things, from watch-springs to ocean liners, and from delicate surgical instruments to the frames of skyscrapers.

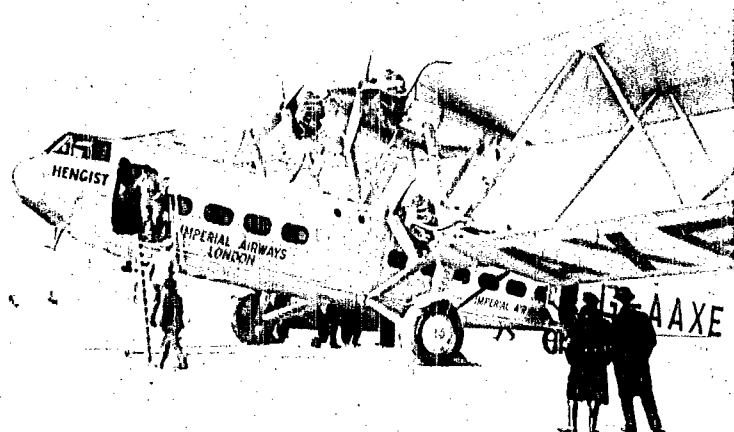
THIRTEEN WONDERFUL THINGS IN THE MARVE



The mighty arch of steel over Sydney Harbour, the largest single-span bridge in the British Empire. The arch has a span of 1650 feet and the bridge, including approaches, is 3770 feet long.



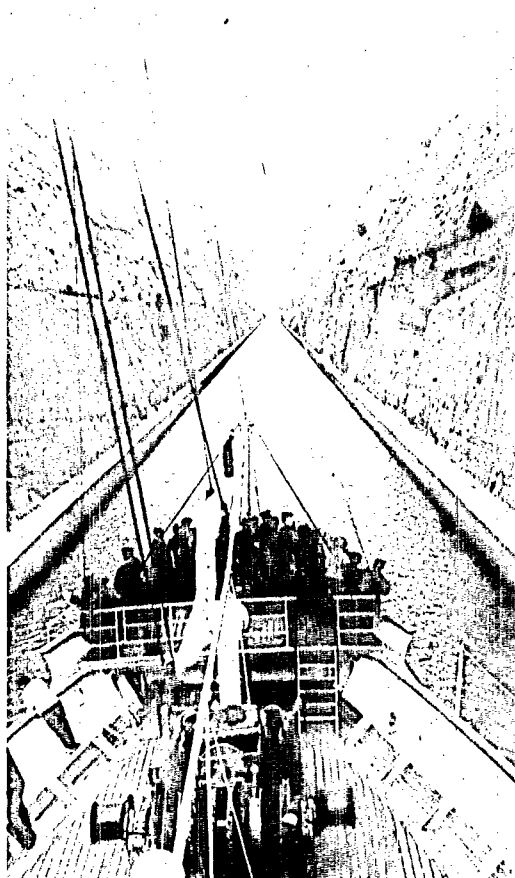
Aerials at Dorchester, the great by directional wireless to North



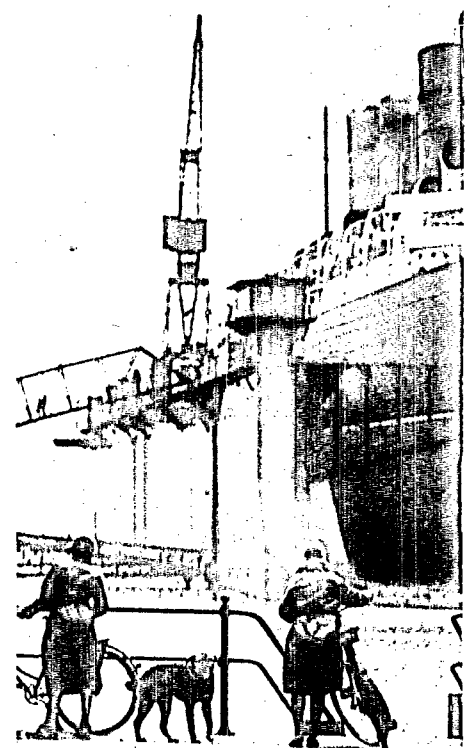
A great liner of the air—Hengist, one of the Imperial Airways fleet of 40-seater machines.



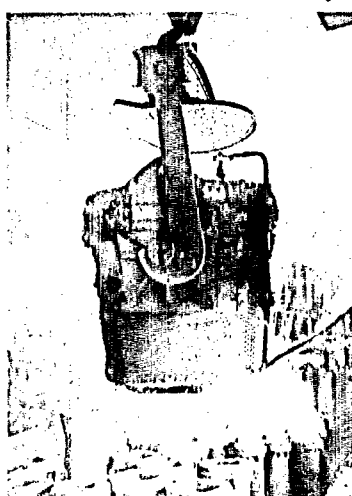
The man in control—at the switchboard of a great electric power station in Birmingham.



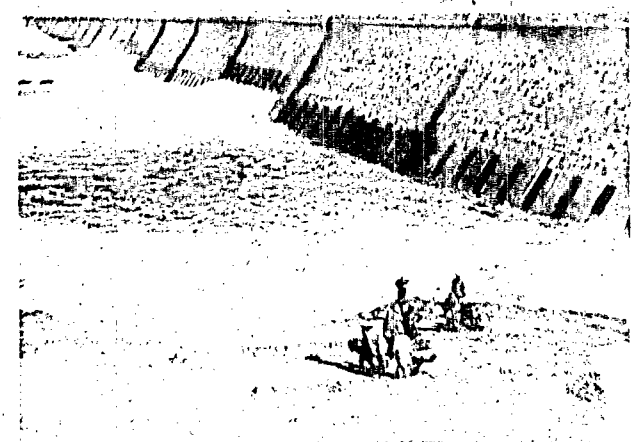
The wonderful canal cut through the solid rock of the Isthmus of Corinth. It is nearly four miles long.



An Atlantic liner takes a at Southampton which l



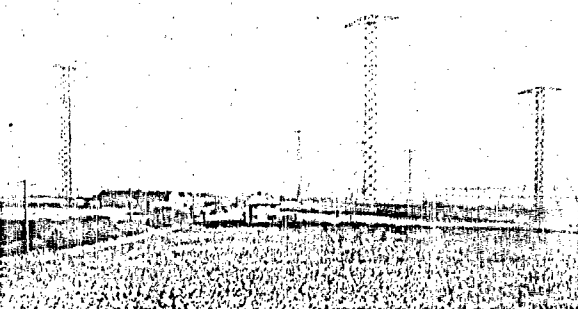
A ladle filled with molten metal in a steelworks.



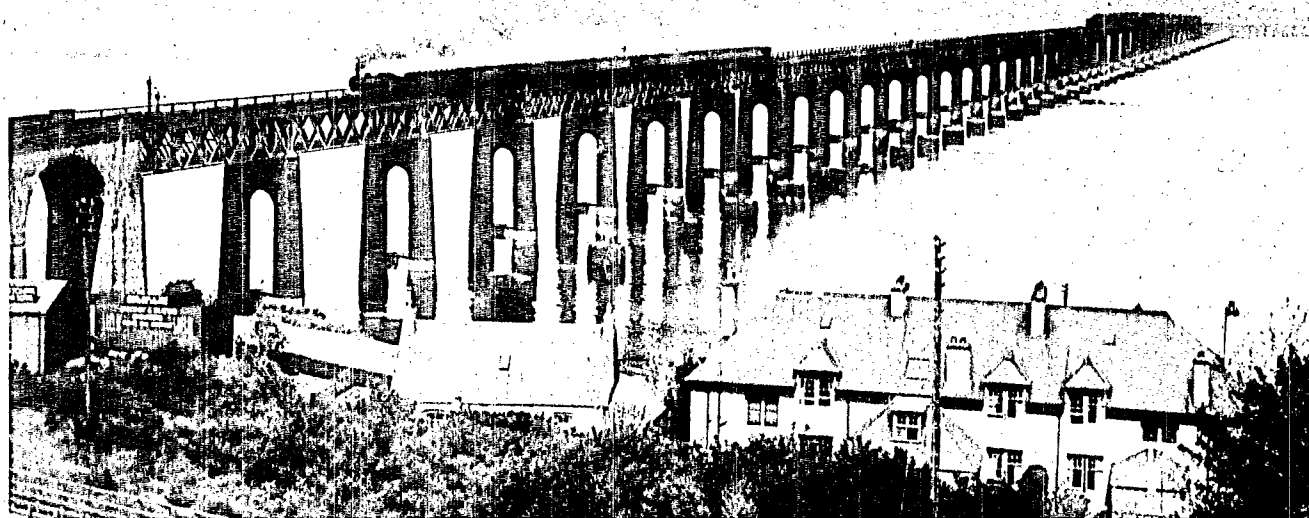
The mighty Assouan Dam, a quarter across the Nile to

As we look about us at the wonders that Man has created we must remember how they have all been fashioned from natural products of the Earth. With metals from the mines and wood from the forest and a hundred other materials from Nature's storehouse skilled workers

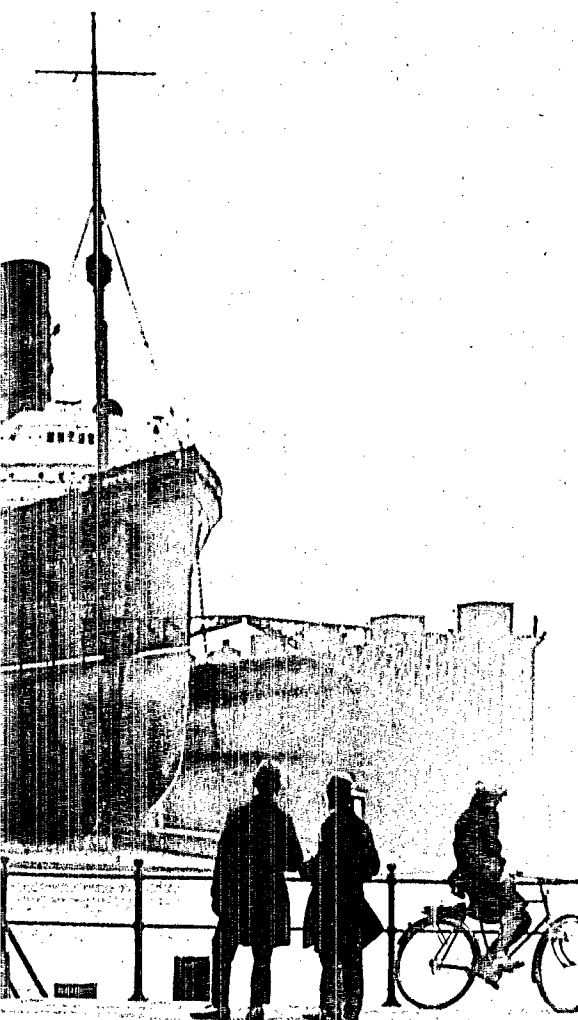
WILLOUS LIFE OF THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY WORLD



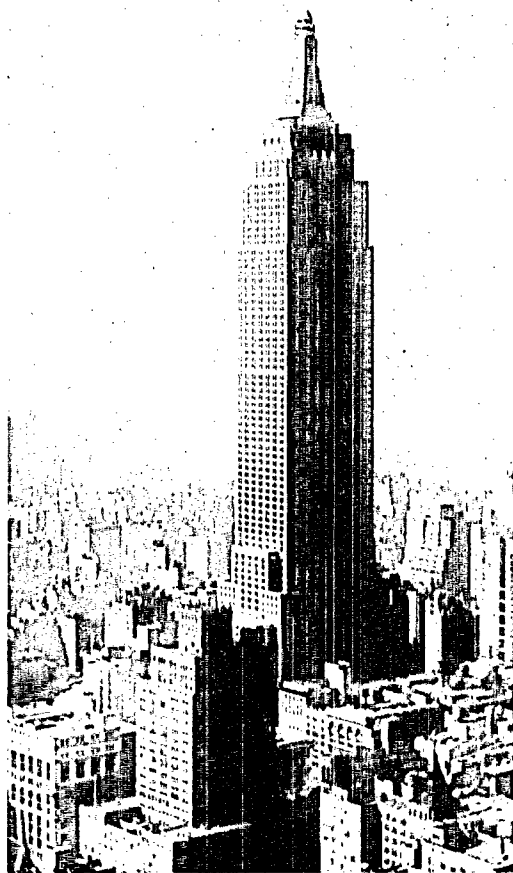
Marconi Beam station which sends messages
and South America, Egypt, and the Far East.



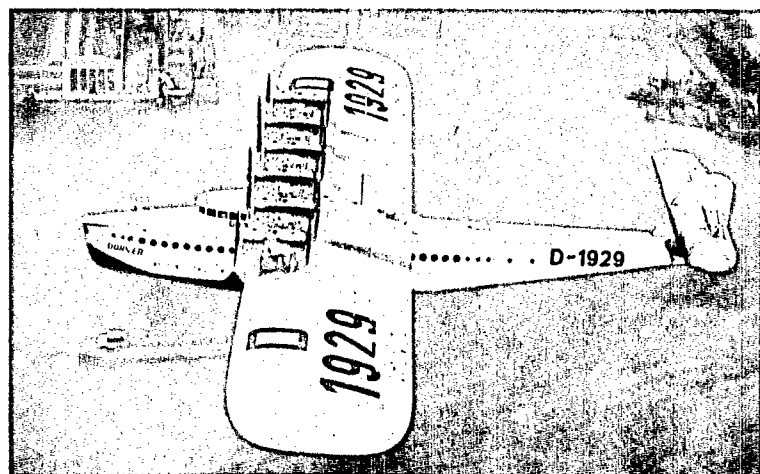
An express train crossing the great bridge over the Firth of Tay. Built
half a century ago, the bridge has 74 spans and is over two miles long.



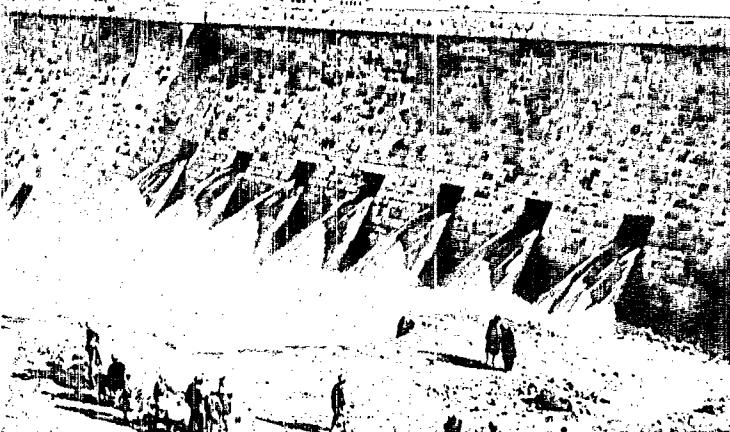
de—the Mauretania in a great floating dock
ts the world's largest ships out of the water.



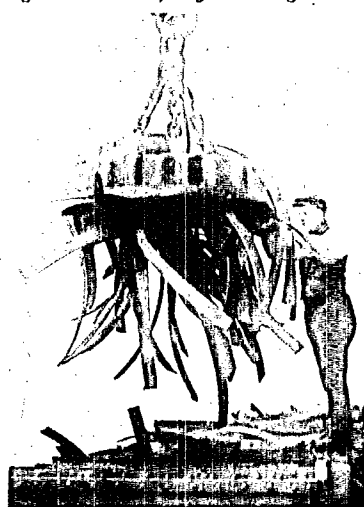
The tallest structure made by Man—The Empire
State Building in New York, 1250 feet high.



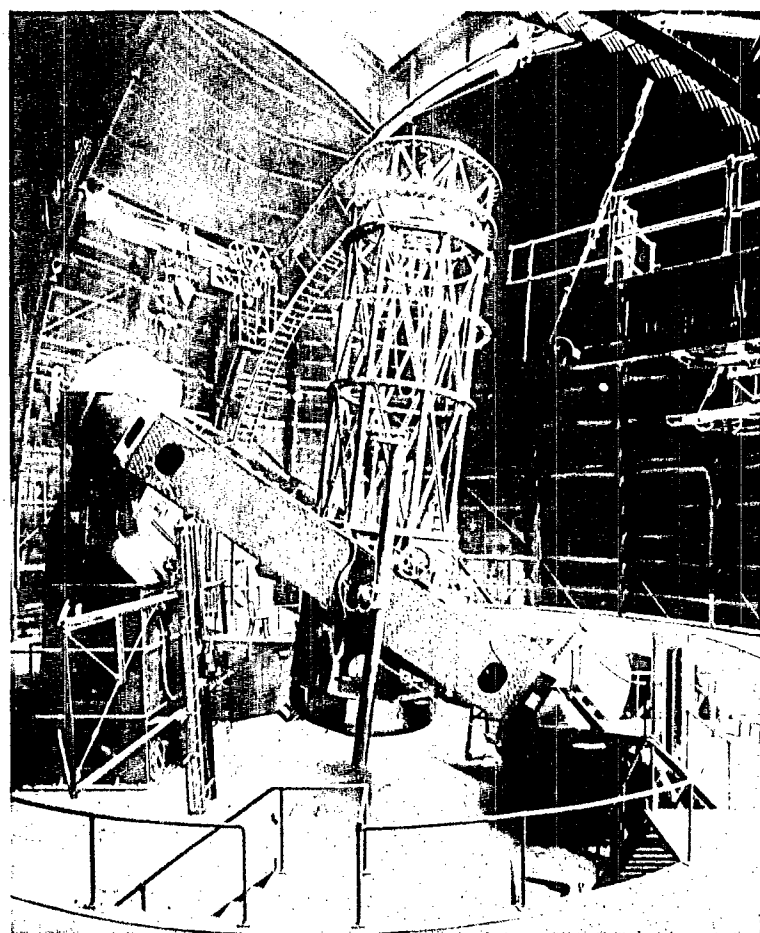
The biggest aeroplane in the world—Dornier Dox, a
seaplane which has carried 169 people at the same time.



great wall which stretches for a mile and
ld up its waters as needed for irrigation.



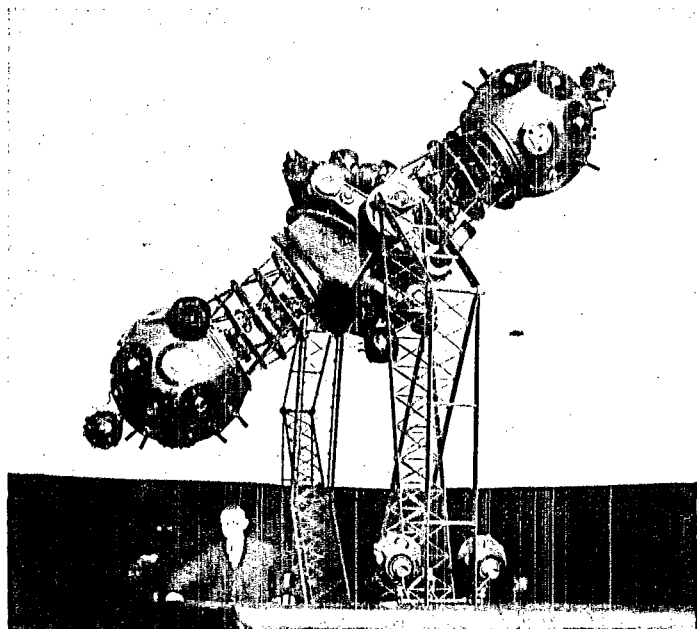
The crane that lifts metal
by electro-magnetism.



The great hundred-inch reflector telescope on Mount Wilson in Cali-
fornia which has helped Man to probe the secrets of the Universe.

Man can build a flying-machine that will take us to the clouds, driven by a spirit drawn from the depths of the Earth. Man's inventive genius has even enabled him to harness forces he does not fully understand so that he can send his voice round the world with the speed of light.

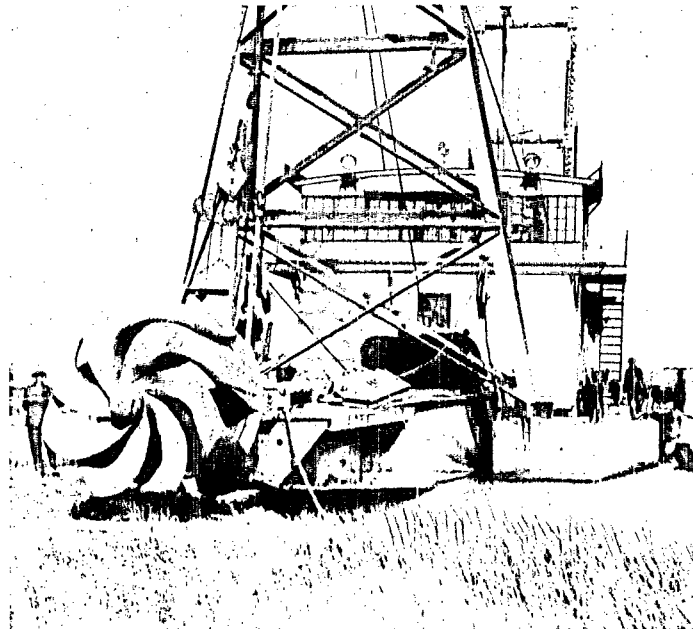
TRIUMPHS AND VICTORIES OF MANKIND AT PEACE



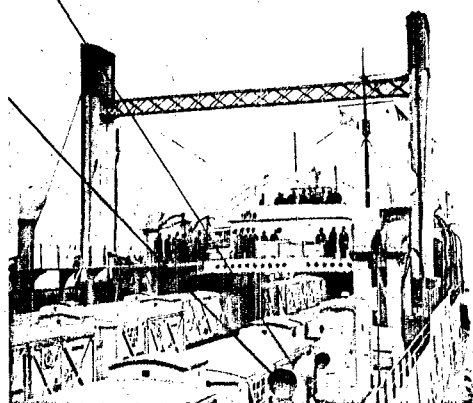
The Zeiss Planetarium, a wonderful instrument which projects on to a domed screen the movements of the planets and stars.



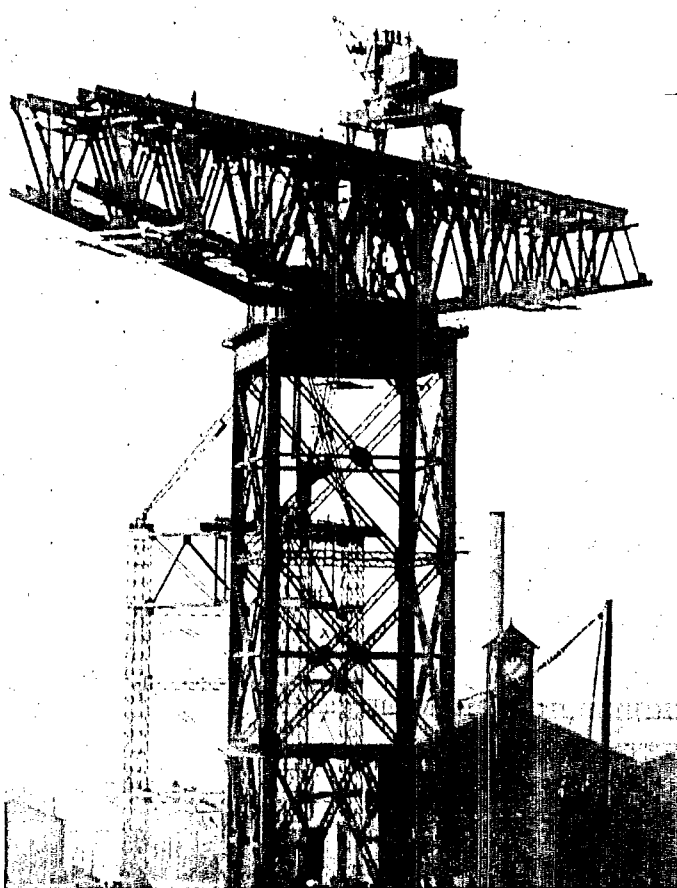
Man-made lightning—a flash of 1,200,000 volts in a laboratory.



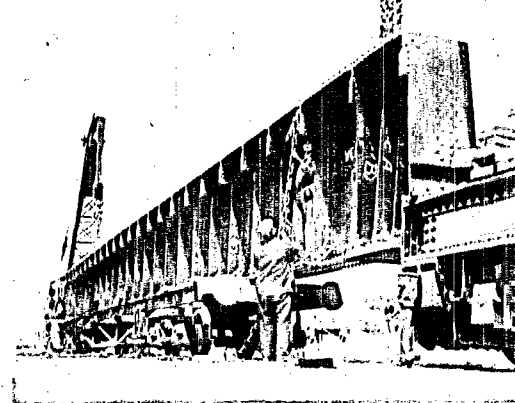
A hydraulic dredge which is being used for cutting a canal between two lakes in Canada.



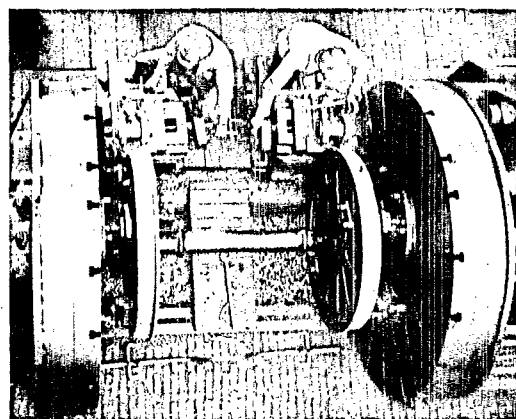
The ship that takes a train to sea: the Harwich-Zeebrugge ferry.



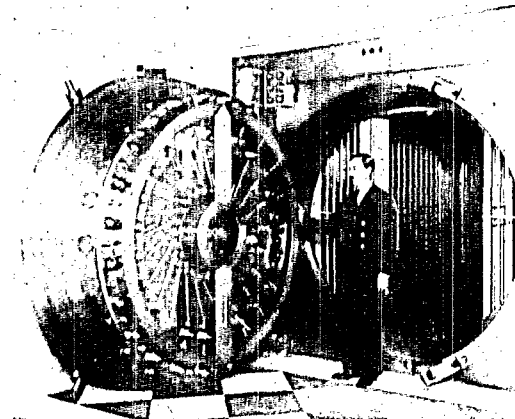
How a little crane helps to build a giant capable of lifting loads of 250 tons. The big crane is 200 feet high.



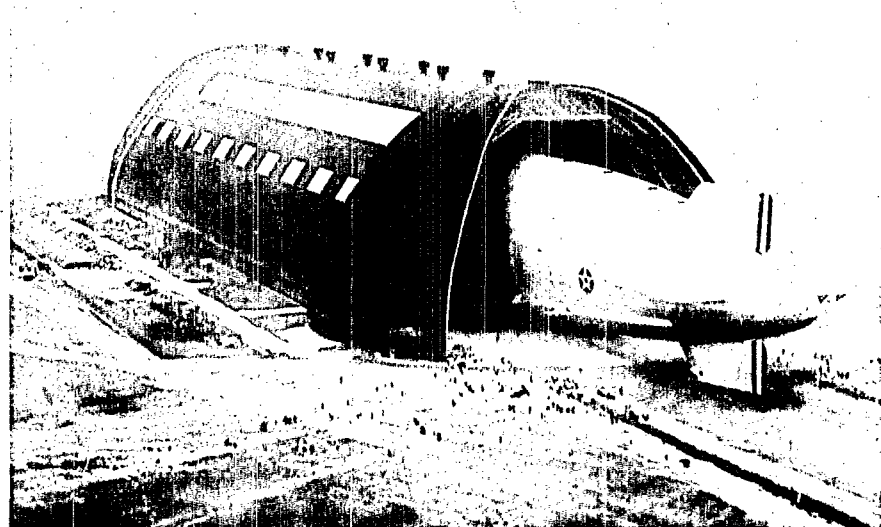
Unloading a 40-ton girder which was used in building a railway bridge.



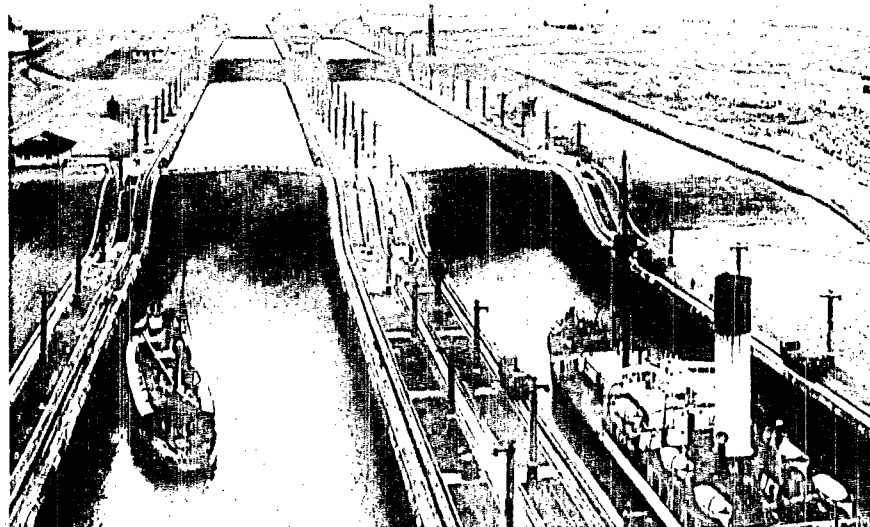
A lathe which cuts locomotive wheels at the L.M.S. works at Crewe.



How a bank guards its valuables: the 35-ton door of a safe deposit.



A monster of the skies at home—a great American airship filled with helium, the non-inflammable gas which was detected in the Sun before it was found on the Earth.



Where a ship goes upstairs—the wonderful Gatun locks on the Panama Canal through which a ship passes on its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World the only tangible remains today are the Pyramids—vast tombs which modern engineers could reproduce if they would. But now we build dams

that make the desert fertile, and bridges, and great canals, and other works that confer lasting benefit on the human race. What can Man not do when he has finished for ever with the machinery of war?

March 5, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

9

OUR CHANGING TRADE

Very Important Figures

Our trade returns are now more important than ever, and are watched with the deepest interest.

The facts for January show a big decline in imports and a smaller decline in exports. As compared with January 1931 imports fell by £13,282,000 to £62,266,000, and exports of British goods fell by £6,441,000 to £31,123,000.

It is even more interesting and important, to compare January with the two previous months.

Our imports in the last three months have been, in round figures:

November	£82,000,000
December	£77,000,000
January	£62,000,000

This is the object aimed at by the Government—to reduce our abnormal imports in time of bad trade.

The export record for the three months is as follows:

November	£32,000,000
December	£32,000,000
January	£31,000,000

Thus our exports have fallen comparatively little.

It is also very important to examine the record of the imports of manufactured articles.

As we have before pointed out, the imports of manufactures in the last few years have been very large and abnormal. It is therefore of deep interest to see what a change has occurred in the last three months. Here are the extraordinary facts.

The imports of manufactures were:

November	29 millions
December	18 millions
January	13 millions

Against this great fall, we are glad to say, exports show an improvement:

November	just under 23 millions
December	just under 23 millions
January	well over 23 millions

OLDEST GOVERNMENT IN EUROPE

Irish Ministry Falls

The oldest Government in Europe has fallen. Mr Cosgrave's Ministry, after holding office for ten years, has been defeated in Ireland.

Some anxiety has been created by its fall, for it has governed Ireland well, has proved before the world that Irishmen can govern their own country, and has loyally observed the Treaty with the Mother Country. It has been defeated, moreover, by the accession of strength Mr de Valera's Republican Party has gathered to itself. Though de Valera has not a clear majority, the electors have placed him in a dominant position. It is hoped that moderate counsels will prevail, and that a Government not less loyal and not less progressive than the last may be formed.

OUR BIGGEST TREE

A short time ago we asked our readers for measurements of the biggest trees in their neighbourhood.

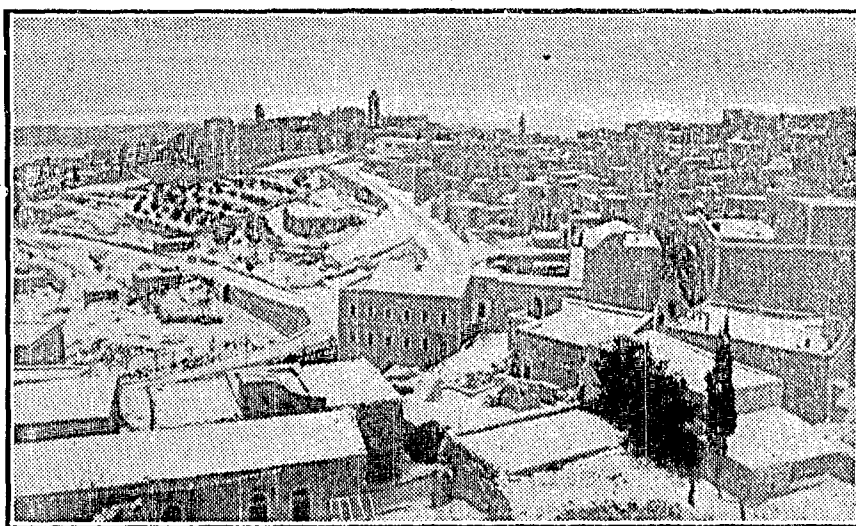
We have already published the list of giant oaks and yews and beeches, headed by the Newland Oak, near Coleford in Gloucestershire.

This is the biggest tree we know of, 46 feet round, a foot bigger than the Bowthorpe Oak in Lincolnshire, and four feet more than the Headcorn Oak in Kent.

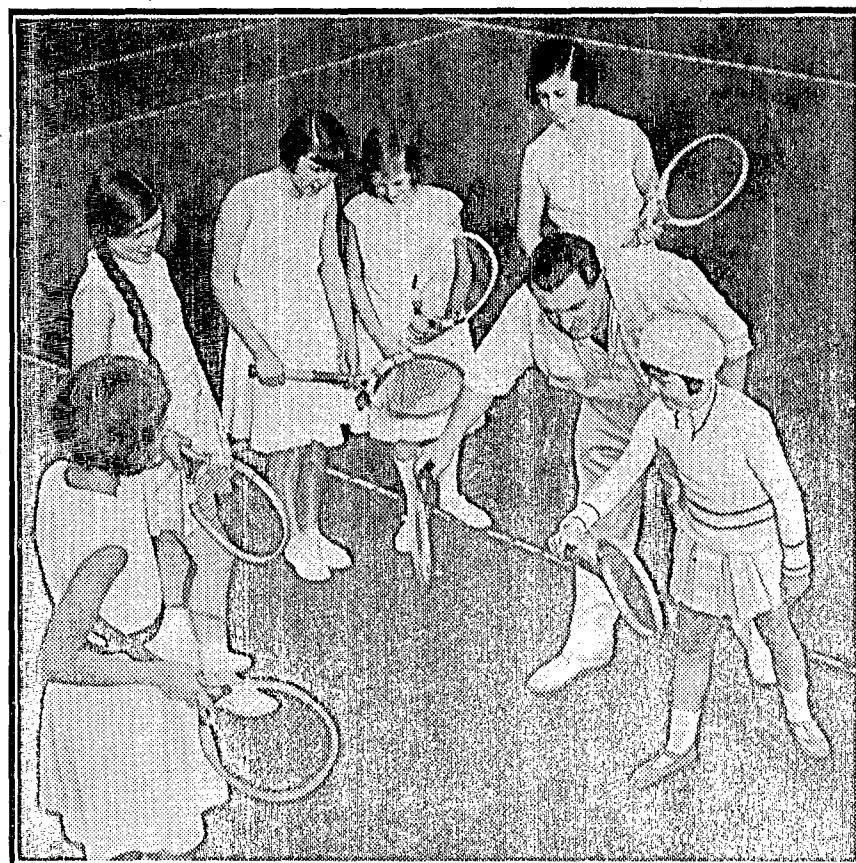
We have now received assurance that the Newland Oak is still living, and has been sent to the reader who told us about it: Miss Eileen Wintle, Post Office, Milkwall, near Coleford.

Australia is to issue stamps with the flowers and animals of the continent on them.

NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



Bethlehem Under Snow—For the first time in many years there has been a heavy fall of snow in the Holy Land. The wintry appearance of Bethlehem is shown in this picture.



Improving Their Tennis—These girls, who are to take part in the Junior Tennis Championship, are listening to the advice of their coach on the backhand stroke.



Over the Wall—Part of the lesson-time of these Harrogate schoolgirls is spent in the open air. They greatly enjoyed the fun of climbing a wall during a cross-country run.

SPEEDING-UP ROAD TRANSPORT

Penzance to London in 15 Hours

HOW THE SPRING FLOWERS COME TO MARKET

Flowers from the Scillies loaded on to lorries at Penzance one morning and brightening the tables of Greater London on the next—this is the latest feat of our road transport services.

Here is the journey of the flowers.

Freshly gathered they are loaded on to the decks of the steamer which in four hours lands them at Penzance quay. Quickly transferred to the low six-ton Mandator lorries of the London and Southern Counties Transport Company, they are carried over Cornwall's moorland roads and Devon's hills and dales to Exeter, which is reached at 3 p.m.

Here another driver takes the wheel as far as Wilton, a five-hours spell. A third driver brings the 300-mile journey to its end at Covent Garden half an hour after midnight. Marketed before sunrise the flowers are in the shops round London in time for the early shoppers.

A lorry service for conveying perishable articles from Aberdeen to London, 530 miles, is to be started.

A SURPRISE IN A STREET

The Hole That Suddenly Appeared

The boys of Nottingham on their way to school the other morning saw a sight which may have recalled to some of them a legend in their Roman history books.

The legend was of a cavity that opened in the Forum only to be filled, the soothsayers declared, by throwing into it Rome's greatest treasure; whereupon Mettius Curtius, declaring that a brave citizen was the city's greatest treasure, mounted his steed and jumped into the hole, which promptly closed over him.

In the same mysterious way a great hole suddenly appeared under the tramlines in Parliament Street, Nottingham. It was filled up in a more prosaic way than the hole in Rome, lorry-loads of gravel being poured in, to be made firm by the use of a hosepipe. Why this twenty-feet-deep cavity occurred is something of a mystery; it may be either an old well or the oven of a baker's shop that stood there half a century ago.

It will be recalled that a similar hole appeared in the great road to the North at Highgate two years ago. That hole was caused by an underground stream which drains Dick Whittington's famous hill.

A LITTLE COURT OF JUSTICE

The children attending Christ Church at Richmond, Surrey, not long ago formed a court of justice, and we understand that every Tuesday evening it sits in judgment.

A boy and girl act as judges, and other children conduct the prosecution and defence of the wrongdoer. They are sworn not to divulge the secret sign and password, and the findings of the court are secret.

The punishments are black marks, and the child receiving the highest number in a half-year gets a Prize of Disgrace. The offences consist of such things as talking in church.

The subscription is a halfpenny a week, which is collected by a treasurer.

Two children have been elected as visitors, their duty being to take round fruit, flowers, and food to any members who fall ill.

There was a big reduction in the quantity of herrings cured last season, only 400,000 barrels being prepared against 720,000 in the season before.

RIBBONS ARE CHEAP TODAY

Why We Spoil the Country

There is a reason for England's Ugly Ribbons, the ribboned roads that spoil the look of the country.

A practical man writes to the C.N. to tell us why the new houses cluster end to end along the fine new roads. It is because it is cheap.

As a man who lays out building estates he describes as inequitable and unfair the law which in practice makes the householder pay through the nose for the frontage of his house.

When a building estate is planned it must have roads. But the Local Authority will not have any sort of a road; it forces on the frontagers who are to own the houses a fine new road, elaborately constructed, perhaps 40 feet wide, kerbed, channelled, metalled, sewered, sometimes with two pavements or footways.

Such a road is costly. The house pays for it according to its frontage abutting on the road. A house of 30-foot frontage may have to pay as much as 35s a foot, a total cost of over £50.

A Side-Road Grievance

Unhappy is the lot of the house with a garden running down a side road, for the frontager then has to pay according to his 30-foot frontage and on his 150 feet of garden wall besides, a total charge of some £300.

No wonder houses huddle by the main roads. If the estate developer tries to stand them well back and well apart it will cost the frontagers more.

Sadly the householder is afterwards reminded that the road he has paid for does not belong to him.

It is taken over by the local authority and becomes part of the stock-in-trade of the Road Fund.

That is a minor grievance. The first is enough. The ribbon development of the new roads with the houses strung along them is taking place because it is cheap. It does not pay the poor householder to strive for beauty.

THE MOTOR SUBSIDY

Why?

A correspondent asks us to direct attention to the fact that part of our preparations for war consists of subsidising suitable motor-lorries employed by private firms.

We gladly do so, but point out that while war is countenanced by civilisation a Government is justified, as a matter of economy, in offering subsidies to firms who will use such motor-vehicles as may be valuable for war purposes if war breaks out.

To take a case in point, a two-ton motor-lorry of a certain specification receives a subsidy of £40 a year after acceptance. This may seem an extravagant expenditure, but we suppose the economy of the matter was carefully considered by the Government. The point is, of course, that when war occurs the War Office suddenly requires an enormous number of vehicles. If, therefore, it had not a subsidy scheme it would have to buy and keep up in peace many more motor-lorries than it requires for army work.

The real remedy is to get rid of war and its extravagances.

THE BOY BRIGADERS

The Boy Brigaders of London have a new President. He is Sir Hugh Turnbull, who has been head of the City of London Police for the past six years.

Sir Hugh is an elder of St Columba's Church of Scotland and has always shown a deep interest in the welfare of boys. We congratulate Boy Brigaders everywhere on their new President.

THE POOR WIDOW WHOSE LIFE IS DONE

THEY call her Spirit, which was not a bad name for a snow-white, velvet-soft, graceful little tabby. But my name for her was Griselda, after the long-suffering lady of the story who loved her lord so well.

She had a mate, a handsome, grey-striped tom-cat whom she adored. He was rather wild, as tom-cats will be, and left her for days on end to roam the world and yowl on the housetops. But she never bore him any grudge for that, welcoming him with unchanged affection after every outing, assiduously licking him clean of the grime of the world, all but binding up the wounds he had received in fierce combats with other male cats.

Twice a year she had a litter of grey and white kittens whom she nursed at first and cuffed out of her way as they grew older, for she did not really care for anyone but her mate. Though Griselda was no longer young as cats go

(she was eleven last birthday) she was as playful as the youngest of her offspring and as pretty. It was good to look on her large and clear green eyes and her soft, thick, dazzling white fur. How she managed it nobody knew, but she was capable of spending the night in the coal-cellar and emerging as spotlessly clean as from a bath.

But some months ago the grey cat caught pneumonia and died. And from that day on Spirit-Griselda became a changed creature. Almost at a stroke all her delicious prettiness went from her. Her eyes grew dim, as though a light had gone out behind them; her fur grew scanty; and, what is still more remarkable, she ceased to keep herself clean. Bedraggled and smutty, she lies by the fire all day long, listlessly regarding, as from a great distance, a world in which she no longer has any part. She is, in the fullest sense of the word, a widow, whose interest in life is gone.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT HARRY BUILT

MR HARRY BRAMALL of Holmfirth is the best type of capable Yorkshireman.

What a Yorkshireman puts his hand to is as good as done, and when Mr Bramall started to build himself a house he was not put off by the friends who stood round and smiled and prophesied that he would never finish it. He plodded on with the work, and today he is living in a fine house, safe in the knowledge that it is not jerry-built, for every stone and bit of woodwork has passed through his own hands.

He started well by building his house on a rock, hewing the foundations out of the solid stone. He had only his spare hours for the work, for he is a weaver by trade, with only the early morning and evening hours free.

It took him two summers to prepare the foundations, to cut the stone for the walls out of a neighbouring quarry, to dress this stone, and to prepare over 16,000 bricks. It took him another two summers to build the walls and chimneys and put on the roof. Then at last he could use the dark winter evenings for work on the inside.

Altogether it took him five years to build his house, and we daresay he is still looking round for things to do to it, and will be as sorry when it is finished

as were the builders of Wendy's little house when, after adding the smoke to the top-hat chimney, they had to agree there was really nothing more to be done.

The only wages he paid were to a boy engaged to fetch water when he was mixing the plaster, though right at the end he had to call in a plumber and an electrician; but they were the only experts to help him. He bought the doors and window-frames and fixed them himself, doing his own glazing. He fitted all the woodwork inside; he did all the painting and plastering.

Instead of spending £800 or £900 the house has cost him £250, and everything in it is of the best. At one time it inspired a neighbouring mason to start building his own house, but this man, whose real business it was, found a one-man house too big a job for him and soon left off. "Mr Bramall will soon lose heart too," he said to himself, "and then I'll be able to buy his half-finished house and only have to complete it."

But Mr Bramall did not lose heart. He was enjoying himself, and he knew something that the doubting friends round him did not realise—building houses was in his blood, for did not his great-grandfather build in just the same way his farmhouse at Hade Edge?

JENNY WREN AND THE OIL FLY

THE nursery rhyme tells us that Jenny Wren fed upon sops in wine; but that is poetic licence, her real diet is three million insects a year.

In the last 30 years insects have reduced the olive harvest in Italy by two-thirds. Olive oil is one of the most important of Italy's exports, and a great deal of money has been spent in trying to kill the insects that are doing so much harm—all in vain.

Now a campaign is being carried on in the schools with the object of getting people to spare Jenny Wren.

They eat Jenny in Italy. Her flesh weighs a tenth of an ounce. She does not make much of a meal, and she would do far more good if she were left alive to eat her three million insects a year.

That is what the Committee for the Protection of Birds is trying to hammer into people's heads. It is no good for the Government to pass laws forbidding the slaughter of song birds, because there would be an outcry against depriving the people of their food.

So the Committee is paving the way with propaganda.

It is sadly needed. Italy, the lovely land that produced the famous picture known as The Madonna of the Goldfinch, has been behindhand in kindness to birds.

But the Minister of Agriculture has just issued a reminder of the Decree made last year forbidding the blinding of small birds. That is a great stride forward, and every bird-lover ought to be grateful for it.

THE BURGLAR BEHIND THE DOOR

THERE was great excitement and stir one quiet Sunday afternoon in Paris not long ago, for the news spread that burglars were suspected to be trying to open the safe in a jeweller's shop in the Rue de Turenne.

A householder whose flat was next to the jeweller's thought he heard an unusual sound like the jingling of iron; there would be a lull, and then the strange noise would begin again. Becoming anxious the Frenchman called his wife.

She listened and declared that thieves must be trying to get at the valuables locked in the safe.

"Go at once and tell the police," whispered the good lady to her husband.

In a few minutes two policemen arrived. They listened to the noise. Yes, without a doubt, thieves must be working there.

An urgent telephone message to the police station brought an inspector and more policemen. With revolvers ready for use the policemen waited for the thieves who were supposed to be there to creep out of the premises with their precious booty.

But now a fresh noise came to their ears—a faint mewing; and in a few minutes the policemen were all laughing and enjoying the joke, for they had found the kitten which had been playing with the safety chain on the door inside the shop.

GOD MAKE US SAINTS AND BRAVE

Poet's Present to the Guides

This story of how a poem by Vachel Lindsay, the American poet who died not long ago, became the copyright of the Girl Guides has just reached us from an English Guide Commissioner out in India, whose work at the moment is such that she must often echo in her heart the last line of the poem,

God make us saints and brave.

Vachel Lindsay determined that the first poems he wrote should not be published in exchange for money. They were mostly composed as he wandered on foot through California and the neighbouring States, and he felt he could not sell for money the beauty which had come to him through Nature and the kindly people he talked to on the way.

God's Troubadour

He wanted to give back to these people something of the happiness they had given him, so he used to hide his verses for any traveller to find, it might be in a hollow tree-trunk or in the deserted nest of a bird. He would also recite his poems, like a troubadour of old, to the friends in farms and homesteads who gave him lodging and a meal.

One day an English Girl Guide passed that way. A scrap of paper caught her eye. She picked it up, and this is what she read:

Would I might wake St Francis in you all.
Brother of birds and trees, God's troubadour,
Blinded with weeping for the sad and poor.
Our wealth undone, all strict Franciscan men
Come, let us chant the Canticle again
Of Mother Earth and the enduring Sun.
God make each soul the lonely leper's slave,
God make us saints and brave.

Vachel Lindsay's name was on it, and the girl wrote to him in appreciation. The poet replied by making the Girl Guide Association a present of the copyright. Surely they could not have a braver or more lovely song?

THE CHALLENGER

A New Survey Ship

The building of the new Challenger, a survey and fishery investigation vessel now being completed at Portsmouth, recalls the little known service of the Navy in surveying the seven seas.

The most notable achievement of the surveying vessels in 1931 was the location of a 100-fathom hole in the North Sea. This hole had been long stated to exist, but not until it was found by the patient searching of naval surveyors, in a place where the normal depth is 40 fathoms, was an ancient controversy settled.

Survey work is of great value to shipping in correcting charts and locating wrecks. During last year the survey vessels located twelve wrecks in the vicinity of the Thames Estuary. These are now being charted.

The new Challenger is to be the last word in survey ship construction. She will have central heating and layers of cork fitted between her metal plates to minimise the effects of intense cold.

Her first service will be in the Arctic Ocean, where she will survey the region north of Hudson Bay.

A LIBRARY'S GOOD IDEA

The new librarian of the Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon has made an innovation that will be appreciated by students of Shakespearean literature.

He has installed in the entrance hall of the Library a bookcase in which important recent publications may be inspected and handled. The bookcase itself is interesting, inasmuch as it was made to the design of Colonel Fred Burnaby, who used it in his desert campaigns, when it was carried on the camel's back. It is made of mahogany, in the form of a triptych, so that when closed it has the appearance of a chest.

March 5, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

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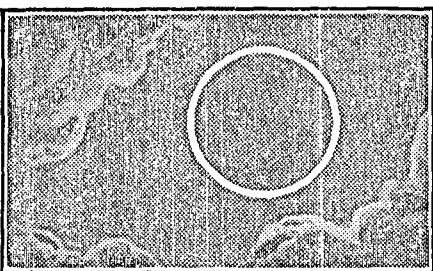
THE SUN AS A RING

How Our World Lights
Up the MoonSOMETHING TO LOOK FOR
NEXT WEEK

By the C.N. Astronomer

Next Monday the Moon will pass directly between the Earth and the Sun. As the Moon, however, will be almost at her farthest from the Earth she will not appear large enough entirely to cover up the Sun at the time of the greatest phase of the eclipse; so a ring of the Sun's disc will encircle the Moon at this part of the eclipse, which will last for a little over five minutes.

Such eclipses are called Annular, meaning ringed; but they are of little value or interest to astronomers, and this particular eclipse will be observable only from the vast waste of the ocean south of Australia and in Antarctica.



The Moon in front of the Sun

Merely as a very brief and partial eclipse will it be seen in Australia.

It will be after the Moon has passed from between our world and the Sun that she will be of most interest to us, for from Wednesday till Friday the proximity of her growing crescent to the lovely orb of Venus will attract some attention. On Thursday evening the Moon will appear about twelve times her own width below and to the right of Venus, and by Friday evening about the same distance above and to the left of Venus.

The familiar sight of what is popularly known as the Old Moon in the Young Moon's arms may also be observed next week. This is when we see the dusky outline and surface of the whole of the Moon dimly perceptible between the cusps of the crescent, the phenomenon being known as Earthshine.

Earthshine and Moonshine

This earthshine is actually the sunlight reflected from our world on to the dark night-side of the Moon. There it lights up the lunar surface very much as the Moon lights up the terrestrial landscape, only in a different way and very much more so, because the Earth appears in the lunar sky nearly four times the width the Moon appears to us.

The Earth, therefore, presents an illuminated surface that frequently is as much as 14 times greater than the Moon ever presents to us, even at Full Moon. Moreover, as the white cloud surfaces which cover so much of our world reflect very much more of the sunlight back to the Moon than the dark, lava-strewn surface of the Moon can ever reflect to our world, night on the Moon must be much lighter and brighter when the Earth is nearly Full in the lunar heavens.

Light and Shadow

An earthlit night on the Moon is not comparable to a moonlit night on the Earth, where the light is diffused through our world's atmosphere so that everything is softened.

All is different on the Moon. There the stars would be seen to be just as bright when the great brilliant Earth appeared among them in the sky. There would be no soft light effects at all like moonlight; one side of a rock would be brightly lit, the other very dark, or only faintly lit should there be any cross-reflections from other rocks.

The Earth reflects very little heat to the Moon, so the lunar night becomes intensely cold.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.
DISARMAMENT
CONFERENCE, JUNIOR
Epsom Schoolgirls in the
Footsteps of GenevaRESULTS OF C.L.N. POSTCARD
COMPETITION

Number of Members—31,713

This story from an Epsom reader reveals a keenness to follow the momentous happenings at Geneva.

During the past weeks members of the C.L.N. at the Rosebery County School at Epsom have been reading all they can about Disarmament, and delegates to represent 14 nations were chosen for debate. Each girl set to work to prepare her speech, but the fifteen-year-old representative of far-away Chile could find less information than her companions. She wrote to the Chilean Embassy seeking help about some point, and we may imagine her surprise and delight when she received a reply inviting her to London to listen to a personal explanation from the Chilean Minister.

The Disarmament Conference at the Rosebery County School duly took place, following the procedure at Geneva. The schoolgirl President opened the session with a clear and confident appeal to each of her listeners to work for peace, and the speeches of the various delegates followed. Our friend for Chile, armed with special information, was particularly interesting.

Other schools please follow.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: C.L.N.,
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No letters should be
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Each application
should enclose six-
pence for card and badge, with your
full name, age, birthday, and school.



The C.L.N. Badge

The Prizewinners

It will be a proud day for Margaret Barratt, of the Merchant Taylors School, Liverpool, when she starts for Geneva to attend the summer school there.

She has come out top in the senior section of the C.L.N. Essay competition held last autumn in connection with the coloured postcards showing children of the League of Nations, and has won the much-coveted prize of a trip to Geneva.

Maeve Rusk, of Hillside School, Glasgow, has won the second prize of this section, and she is to have a free place at the Cambridge Easter School.

Margaret R. Bell, of Dumbarton Academy, heads the list of prize-winners in the Junior Section, winning the first prize of a bicycle. Ralph John and David Cushing have won cameras.

Books to the value of £1 have been divided between Doreen Cann, of Frederick Bird School, Coventry, and Reginald J. Youngman, Billericay, Essex.

Books to the value of 5s to J. F. Ablitt, Bombay; Annie Davies, Newport; Eveline Gibson, Brighouse; P. L. Martin, Ashton-in-Makerfield; Gwyndoline Millet, Coventry; K. Rose, Birmingham; Pamela Toury, Glasgow.

In the Junior Section a prize value 10s is won by Ernest Boateng, of Achimota College, Accra.

Books have also been won by Hilda Burton, Burnley; Daisy Freeman, Ripon; J. Higham, Manchester; S. J. Hubbard, York; Nini Joel, Hampstead; Marianne Rigby, Manor-bier; J. E. Simons, Pickering.

Certificates of Merit are awarded to Molly Bradley, Barbara Collinson, Mary Crago, D. Goodchild, Anne Harrison, Lilian Hore, Edna Jones, Elizabeth Mellentin, Edith Stendall, and Denis Orisakwe, of Eby, Nigeria.

Junior Certificates of Merit have been won by Margaret Darroch, J. Kennerley, Joyce Kewley, Pauline Littlewood, L. F. Millet, Grace Monk, Muriel Phillips, Barbara Stewart, Joyce Swetenham, Rosemary Thicknesse, Joyce Webster, and Patricia Cutts.

KIND HEARTS MORE
THAN CORONETS
The Old Men and the
Babies

From Our Hungary Correspondent

A lady walking home the other day from a morning's shopping in the capital of Hungary was cheered by two encounters.

First she came across three incredibly old and incredibly shabby men pushing along three smart perambulators, each containing a contented baby fast asleep.

"How strange!" thought the lady. "What have those old, old men to do with those rosy babies?"

Then she remembered that a little farther on was the Old People's Home; and suddenly she knew the answer to the riddle.

Someone Had a Brain Wave

In the fine houses skirting this square lived many people who were not so well off as they had been and could not keep many servants, perhaps none at all. How, then, was baby to get his airing, with no nursemaid and mother busy in the kitchen?

One day someone had a brain wave. Why not let the old men at the Home earn a pipeful of tobacco by pushing the perambulator up and down?

The idea caught on, and the old men found a new interest in life. Strange and sweet it must seem to them, this minding of babies taking them back to the days when they were still young enough to be grandfathers, the days before they were put away on the shelf out of the way of the marching generation. The lady could imagine them, at the end of the day, telling tales and boasting of their charges like a group of young nursemaids.

Two Ragged Little Boys

On she walked, and when the Sun had gone down and it was bitterly cold she met two very small and very ragged little boys with paper roses to sell. They begged her to buy some, and the lady (who had been walking to save the bus fare) took a coin from her purse.

"I don't want any roses," she said, "but I'll give you a penny. Which of you shall have it?"

There was a moment's pause; then the older and, if possible, the more ragged of the two stepped back.

"Let him have it," he said. "There are nine of us at home, but there are ten of them."

They each got a penny and something over, and as they ran off joyfully the lady felt very glad she had walked.

WHO WAS STEPHEN
HALES?

Born Kent, 1677. Died Middlesex, 1761.

Although little is heard nowadays of his works Hales was a man far in advance of his times. Upon his Vegetable Statics is founded our whole knowledge of vegetable physiology.

He invented the artificial ventilator, and got it introduced into prisons, ships, and other buildings. He had a scheme for preserving water and meat on sea voyages, and for distilling drinkable water from the sea, also a method of registering sea depths which were by ordinary means unfathomable.

Hales was a clergyman, and resided for many years as perpetual curate at Teddington. He provided a new water supply, and his entry concerning the new supply is characteristic of the minuteness with which his investigations were carried out. The outflow was such that it would fill a half-gallon vessel in "three swings of a pendulum, beating seconds, which pendulum was 39 2-10th inches long from the suspending nail to the middle of the plummet or bob."

Keep the
children
Healthy

EXTREMES of weather are to be expected during the next few weeks. Springlike days will alternate with periods of rain and frost and bitter winds. These sudden variations of temperature and exposure to damp and cold play havoc with your children's health.

Nothing can equal delicious "Ovaltine" for giving them strength and vitality, and fortifying them against colds and epidemics. Made from malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" supplies all the food elements essential for health in a concentrated, correctly balanced and easily digestible form.

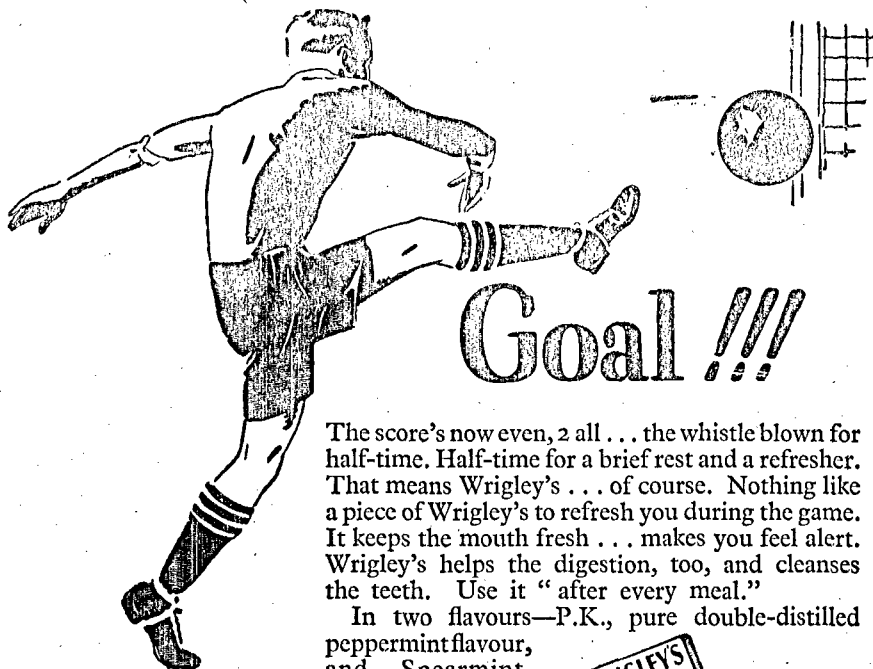
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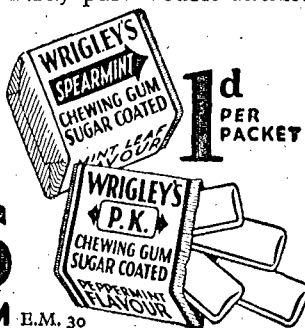


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This was originally published at 2/6. It gives a complete listing of all Air Stamps up to 1930, is fully illustrated and includes, in addition, several interesting articles.

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ARTHUR MEE'S LETTER TO TEACHERS

In these hard days, with civilisation menaced on every hand and the future filled with grave anxiety, it may be that a teacher's work is the most important in the world. Perhaps it always is, but especially must it be so now. It is what we put into the minds of our young people that counts—what we put in *and what we leave out*.

Had we all been wiser thirty years ago, had we learned the lessons then that Time is so bitterly teaching us now, this world would now be a far happier place for all of us. Those of us who are grown up have learned our lesson late.

But these little ones growing up, with all the terror of our time behind them and all the hope before them, are still in your hands and mine. We can make the future for them what we will; we can make them fit for that momentous business which is theirs, the business of saving mankind.

Making the Future What We Will

The work of fitting them for their task is ours. Through these troubled years their lives, their minds, their destinies, are in our hands. It is we who equip them. *They are our instruments for making the future what we will.*

Our education system may be good or bad, but one fault it has that all may recognise: no education system has ever taught us quite enough of the life of the world as it goes on about us. It has taught us the Rule of Three, but it has not quite stressed the importance of loving our neighbours. It has made us familiar with Henry the Eighth and his wives, but has not made us friends with all those queer and noble and backward people who fill the great spaces of the world outside these islands. It has filled us with admiration of Joan of Arc and Grace Darling and the little village of Eyam which sacrificed itself in the Plague, but we may wonder if it has filled us with a consciousness of the courage that millions must have every day to face the hard facts of this world. It makes us clever or useful, and a few brilliant; but what of those things that are greater than these?

Ourselves

It is, after all, the character of a man and the colour of his mind that matter in the world; and these things come from a knowledge of life and contact with mankind. Here it is that every teacher on this Earth counts greatly in the scheme of life. We add something, those of us who teach, to the school curriculum. We mix it all up and add to it the vital thing—*Ourselves*. We give our children outlook, we touch them with personality, we convey to them in one way or another our share of the atmosphere of the world.

You do it in your way; I do it in mine. Always the idea of the Children's Newspaper has been the idea of the world as one great schoolroom and its editor as a teacher, picking his lessons from the world as it goes round from day to day. Here it is economics, here a little bit of travel, here a touch of the heroic. Here it is something that went wrong in the past, here it is something hopeful for the future. Nearly always it is something cheerful or helpful in the shaping of the world as one family, for the faith of the Children's Newspaper is that the day is coming when all our dreams will come true.

This madness will pass; this very year may see the Turning of the Tide. Let us hope it will, for you and your school, and for Old England and all her little ones. It is not possible that we should fail in this great work that is ours.

ARTHUR MEE

LONELY ZOO BABY

ANDY WANTS A FRIEND

Weeping Walrus Who Refuses
To Be Comforted

THE UNFRIENDLY SEA-LIONS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo is faced once again with the problem of providing a lonely baby creature with a suitable playmate. Andy, the walrus, has lost his friend and companion Harriet.

When the baby female walrus died suddenly many people felt grieved, but none of her human friends can miss her as much as Andy. After her death he cried for her for two hours. He made a sobbing noise, and restlessly patrolled his pond and enclosure as though searching for his lost playmate.

This went on for days; and Andy is still fretting.

A Keeper to the Rescue

Unhappily, it is by no means easy to provide Andy with a suitable companion, and in the meantime poor Andy must go on being unhappy.

The sea-lions would not welcome him in their pond; and although a baby seal is considered as a possible alternative this, it is feared, might not work well.

A few years ago the Zoo had another lonely young walrus, also called Andy, who was so anxious to have companionship that he twice managed to escape from his den. Both times he went in search of the sea-lions, and the second time he reached their pond and was in danger of being attacked by them when the keeper went to his rescue.

An Unmerciful Bully

After that the Zoo bought a baby seal to be his playmate; but alas! instead of being a comfort to this Andy the seal bullied him unmercifully, biting him so severely one day that they had to be separated.

It is not unusual for menagerie animals to fret over the loss of their companions. When Maggie, the Zoo's old giraffe died one of her companions, Maudie, was obviously very distressed. For four days after Maggie's death Maudie was "off" her food, and steadily refused to enter the section of their den where Maggie had been in the habit of sleeping. The old giraffe had always mothered the younger animal, and there was obviously a strong affection between them.

YOUNG MEN PLEASE COPY

What Edward Sell Did With His Life

How many young men will make of their lives what Canon Edward Sell did of his?

When he passed away at Bangalore in India at the age of 93 he had spent more than 67 years of his life in missionary work among the Mohammedans.

Threescore years and ten were the years that the Psalmist allotted to the life of man; after that a man's strength was but labour and sorrow. But three years short of that number Canon Sell spent in gladness of labour, and at seventy he was still very far from being weary of well-doing.

He was then the vigorous secretary of the Church Missionary Society, for whom he had been working since he went out to India as a young missionary of 26. For thirty years after he reached Madras he preached the Gospel of Christ among the Mohammedans; for six years more he was Headmaster of the Harris High School for Mohammedans in Madras before taking office as the C.M.S. secretary.

He taught and he learned. As a scholar he leaves a great legacy as a historian of Islam. As a teacher and a Christian he leaves the greater legacy of a long life dedicated to the service of his Master.

GIVING THEM SOMETHING TO DO GENIUS ON THE SCRAP HEAP

A South Wales Club For the Unemployed AND A TRAMP AT A UNIVERSITY

There are two very poor men in England today who mean to be famous. When their lives come to be written they will seem like strange romances.

A little while ago a well-to-do man went to South Wales, and was so horrified by what he saw there that he took an empty factory and turned it into a club for young men.

These young men have never done a day's work. There is no hope that they will get work. Ever since they have left school they have been standing about in the streets of towns that are nearly as silent as death because there has been no stir of work in them for years. It is enough to rot a man's mind. The factory was turned into a club to give the young men something to do.

A Wonderful Picture

The other day a visitor found a noisy group playing games while, a little way off, a quiet group was listening to a lecture. Then he was taken to a little room where a lad was standing alone before an easel.

"Surely," cried the visitor, "that is a wonderful picture!"

"Yes," said his guide. "We think he will soon be exhibiting at the Royal Academy."

That is one of the young men who is going to be famous one day—the son of an unemployed miner from a dreary pit town in Wales.

The other was a tramp a short time ago. He came limping into the Home of St Francis at Evershot with unshaven chin, long hair, and fierce eyes. He was the sort of tramp who would terrify you on your own doorstep.

At the Home they try to reclaim young tramps. Never did they have a more difficult man to deal with.

A Brooding Scholar

One of the rules of the Home is that everyone must work. This young man would not work. He was more bitter than anyone could imagine. And there was no getting the better of him in an argument. He outreasoned one of the workers who had taken a double first at Oxford; and one day he put another (who had been a lecturer on Egyptian history) right on a question of Egyptian history. He seemed to know everything: he was both brilliant and full of hatred.

At last his story came out. He had won a scholarship when a Council School boy, but because he had no decent home and not a penny behind him he had never been able to take it up. Ever since he had tramped about England, educating himself at the free libraries and brooding over his wrongs.

The Turning-Point

After he had been at the Home for a time he began to work in the Market Garden with the others. It was the time of the Prime Minister's speech about the National Crisis, calling for self-sacrifice and announcing the various cuts which would be necessary if the Budget was to be balanced and the country saved from disaster. Someone had given the Home a wireless set.

Next evening the young man who had been so bitter got up and made a wonderful speech. He spoke of self-sacrifice: the unemployed were going to give up ten per cent of their pay; surely the men at the Home would give up ten per cent too?

The young inmates are fed and clothed and given half-a-crown a week for their work. Every man who was in the Home agreed to give up ten per

THE SPOILERS LITTER LOU'S SEASON COMING ON

Trail of Rubbish Throughout
the Beautiful Countryside

WHY NOT LITTER-BOXES ON CHARABANCS?

Now that the Litter Lou's season is coming on again, and we are threatened with the trail of his rubbish everywhere, may we not think for a few minutes about this old subject of ours?

There is something incredible in the minds of people who seem bent on destroying the beauty of a place they have set out to admire.

They go into the rare, unspoiled counties of England amid exquisite scenery, along high roads with hedgerows that are among the dearest of England's possessions, whose like is not to be found in the world, and they mark their passage by throwing litter about.

Their contribution to these miles of ordered loveliness is a handful of waste they would be indignant to see on their garden path at home.

A reader of the C.N. motoring along one of these highways the other day was overtaken by a charabanc, and, as a matter of course it seemed, someone flung out of a window a mass of rubbish that whirled in the wake of the coach and then settled on the roadside—silver paper, chocolate cartons, cigarette packing, paper bags, and so on.

Chance For a Philanthropist

These unpleasant objects presently lay there alongside the bracken, grasses, scabious, ragwort, and all the tossing wild banks that make the high roads the garden paths of the poor. The motor-coaches had visited Chillum Square, a rare bit of Old England, and left it a mass of banana skins, bottles, empty papers, and orange peel.

Why people do it we cannot conceive. But as they are obviously unaware of the selfishness and unkindness of their behaviour they will have to be taught.

There could easily be placed litter-boxes on the charabancs. There might be a notice requesting passengers not to ruin the countryside by throwing their waste outside. Here is a chance for a new philanthropist (and there are many secret doers of good among us) who would buy permission from the charabanc and motor-coach proprietors to set up these notices and these boxes.

Battle in the Cotswolds

We feel sore and dismayed, for every summer the number of these huge vehicles on the road increases; but we are not without hope. A great deal is being done to save England, the England that is a picture and an amazement to overseas visitors who discover it for the first time. Large societies and private individuals are working to keep great stretches unspoiled, small exquisite corners untrampled, and lovely towns free from hideous bungalows.

There has actually been a stiff little battle in the Cotswolds as to whether ten new houses in a charming old village should be of brick or of stone like the rest. A healthier sign we have not seen for a long time. There is always hope when people care enough about beauty to make themselves unpleasant in order to preserve it.

Continued from the previous column

cent of his pocket-money, and they stuck to it. That strange young tramp is now at London University. A friend has been found ready to back the tramp's brains and pay his fees. We suppose he will blaze through the course like a shooting star, and one day write a book which will make him famous among the scholars of the world.

Both these young men lay on the scrap heap; let us be grateful to those who picked them up, for we have need of genius.



HERE is an interesting occupation for skilful fingers—to make this fine coloured cardboard model of a Chivers' Marmalade Motor Van absolutely free.

Full instructions for making are given, and the model is so carefully planned that every piece fits perfectly. The finished motor is so real that you will be proud of having made it. There are no coupons to collect; just fill in the attached form and post at once, as there is sure to be a big demand for such a beautifully coloured Model Van.

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THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 43

What Derek Saw

DEREK looked up, frowning. "Dolaro goes South," he repeated. "But why South?"

"That fork turns South. That's all he means," replied Tod quickly. "And Vargas is right. I've been down the trail a piece and found Dolaro's tracks."

"Then the beggar means to break his oath and double-cross us," said Derek curtly. He turned to Kespi.

"He intends to ambush and rob us."

"Maybe that so," Kespi answered. "Yet Spaniard not very often break oath."

Derek grew a little impatient. "But Dolaro has made it perfectly clear that he's breaking his, Kespi. He said plainly he was making for Miranda, but now he's gone the other way."

Kespi nodded. "He bad man, I think," he answered, "but I not sure he rob us."

"Well, I don't think we'll take any chances," said Derek rather dryly. "Forewarned is forearmed, and it will be our own fault if we run into trouble."

"What do you reckon to do," demanded Tod, "go back the way we came?"

"It mightn't be a bad idea," replied Derek. "One thing's sure—we should dodge Dolaro."

Kespi spoke up. "We no can go back that way," he said with decision. "We no food for so long journey, and we sure find plenty snow on mountains."

"That's true," agreed Derek. "It's getting a bit late in the season for the Alto and we might run into a bad blizzard."

"And there's another thing you'd better remember, Derek," said Tod. "We have to get home before Carbajal's option, or whatever they call it, is up. We'd never be back in time if we had to climb up over the old Alto again."

Derek agreed.

"We'll have to go down through the forest," he said. "But it's going to be a ticklish business if Dolaro means to lay for us. Isn't there some third way we could take, Kespi?"

"I not know this part," Kespi confessed. "But I not think there more than one trail. That lead to Ybera River, where we cross by Indian bridge."

"We shall be all right if we can reach that bridge," Derek declared. "I know the country the far side of the Ybera." He looked round. "We have another range to climb and it looks pretty steep. Tell you what, I'll get up early and see if I can scramble up to the top of that big hill. From that height one might get a pretty good view of the forest country and perhaps see the river itself."

They supped and spent a comfortable night. There was nothing to disturb them. Derek was up before dawn and after helping himself to a cold tortilla (cake of bread made in a frying-pan) started off up the hill.

The climb was steep but not difficult, for the rocks were broken and there were heavy bushes. In less than half an hour he had reached the summit fully a thousand feet above the camp.

The Sun had just come up over the great forest to the East, and as its rays lapped up the morning mists the view became magnificent. Beneath him low ranges of foothills broke down into a vast ocean of greenery, which stretched to the far horizon more than a hundred miles away. Here and there the hills were scarred by dark gorges; at the bottom of them ran the streams which drained the great snow peaks. Yet these gorges were of such profound depth that he had no sight of the rivers themselves.

But the Ybera, he knew, was a much larger river, and some part of it ought to be visible. Straining his eyes, he caught a glimpse of silver far to the North-East, and as he gazed at it became convinced that this was light reflected from one of the broader stretches of the big stream. He turned North and walked along the crest of the ridge. It broke off steeply, and beneath he saw the trail along which Dolaro and his men had passed, and the only way by which his own party could reach the lower country. This trail was merely the rock-strewn bottom of a deep and narrow ravine.

He turned round and looked back toward the Terraced Valley. He could see only the ring of mountains which surrounded it.

Suddenly he stiffened. Far away down the valley crept a long line of little black dots. To him they looked no larger than ants, but he knew them to be men.

"I might have known it," he said aloud. "Yarm's not the sort to give up easily. He's chasing us. My word, but it's lucky I

thought of coming up here, or he'd have caught us on the hop."

Next moment he was plunging downhill again at reckless speed.

Tod, making coffee over a small fire, looked up.

"Yarm's on the warpath," Derek told him.

"How far?"

"A goodish way still. We've time to eat and pack up."

"And what then?" Tod demanded.

"Why, clear out for all we're worth."

"A mighty lot of good that will be," said Tod with scorn. "Yarm's men can travel twice as fast as we can with our mokes. They'll catch us before night. No; it ain't a bit of use running. We've got to fight."

CHAPTER 44

Yarm Breaks Faith

DEREK was very troubled. The last thing he wanted was to fight these Indians, many of whom had been so kind to him, and yet he realised that what Tod said was true. It was no good bolting, for the Indians were bound to catch them.

"Can't we dodge them?" he suggested.

Tod shook his head.

"You know better than that, Derek. Those fellows are trackers. They wouldn't be five minutes before they found their mistake. The first bit of damp ground would show them that there were no donkeys' hoof marks."

Derek in despair turned to Kespi.

"What can we do, Chief?" he asked.

"You no want to fight. Then only thing we do we leave burros and climb uphill. Maybe we find some way to hide from Yarm, but I not know. He hold the trail like hunting dog."

"Kespi's right, Derek," said Tod gravely.

"I don't want to shoot any more than you do, but you can take it from me that's what it will come to."

"We'll try Kespi's plan first," said Derek doggedly, and Tod agreed.

There was plenty of time, for Yarm's men must still be at least two or three miles away, so they ate their food, then made up their stuff into four packs. After that Manacan drove the donkeys away

down the pass to the South-East, and when he came back all four started up the mountainside.

With the heavy loads they carried the climb was not easy, but Derek knew the way, and they went up at a good pace. When they reached the top they stopped and looked back. The Indians had just arrived at their camping-place and were evidently searching for tracks. Presently they swung away into the gorge.

"After the donkeys," said Tod. "They haven't spotted us yet."

"Our feet make no mark on rocks," Kespi put in, but Derek said nothing. He was flat on his face, peering over into the gorge. In a moment or two he got up and came back to the others.

"What's the notion, old son?" he asked. "I see you've hatched one."

"It isn't much of a plan," said Derek,

"but it might work. See that big rock over there?" He pointed to a great boulder poised on the edge of the cliff. "If we can shove that over," he continued, "it might block the whole pass."

Tod nodded. "I wouldn't wonder if you were right, but then they'll spot us and go back and climb up here after us."

"Not a chance," Derek told him. "We could hold that slope against an army. Once we start rolling stones down it they'd be helpless."

"I reckon your plan's good enough to try," Tod said. "Let's cut a couple of poles and see if we can lever that big lump over the side. We'll have to be quick."

There was plenty of timber close by and it took only a few moments to find and trim a couple of stout poles. Armed with these they hurried to the rock.

The Indians, about thirty in all, had halted in the ravine, and two of them, evidently the best trackers, were down on their marrow-bones, examining the ground.

The rock was a huge rounded boulder weighing well over a ton, far too heavy for them to move if it had not been poised like a rocking stone on the edge of the steep. They dug their poles under it and heaved with all their might. It rocked, but it was not until Manacan put his powerful shoulder to it that it moved.

"All together!" panted Derek.

There was a low grinding sound as the huge stone leaned over.

JACKO STUDIES THE STARS

JACKO had quite made up his mind to be an astronomer when he grew up. He was so full of the idea that he read all he could find about the stars, and watched them every night in the sky.

Someone lent him an old telescope for a week, so every evening was spent in the garden, making full use of it.

On the last night he stayed out later

than usual, searching for stars which seemed few and far between.

Mrs Jacko was getting cross. "It's a good thing that instrument goes back tomorrow," she said.

Just then the door was flung open and Jacko rushed in. "Come on out and see Jupiter!" he cried excitedly. "He's brighter than ever tonight!"

"No, thank you," snapped Mother Jacko. "It's time you were in bed."

Father drew nearer the fire.

"Shut the door and don't talk nonsense," he growled.

But nothing could damp Jacko's enthusiasm, and he went on talking about the wonderful sight.

With many grunts Father scrambled up next; he found it stiff work on account of his rheumatism.

"Looks as if Jupiter's got a bonfire on tonight," he muttered. "I've never seen him like that before."

"Hurry up! I'm shivering," shouted Adolphus, who was up like a shot when his turn came.

For a whole minute he gazed intently; then he suddenly rocked with laughter and nearly sent the instrument flying.

Jacko dashed forward to save it.

"What's the joke?" he cried.

"Why," spluttered Adolphus, "that's not Jupiter at all; it's the new light they've fixed on the Workhouse tower!"



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"Once more!" Derek gasped. "Look out, Manacan, or you'll go with it."

Manacan staggered back just in time as the rock toppled over and fell.

"They've heard that all right," said Tod, as the Indians, roused by the dull roar of the fall, looked up. Then, like one man, they turned and ran.

And that was just as well because the rock, striking a ledge a score of feet below, started a regular landslide. Tons of loose rubble broke away and went sliding down the steep cliff face. And every stone as it rolled broke away fresh stuff so that in a matter of seconds a vast mass weighing hundreds of tons was thundering down into the depths.

The fall caused by the monster charging the cliff in the Valley of Fire was nothing to this; the boys stood appalled at what they had started. Ledge over ledge the rock avalanche leaped, at each leap growing in volume until it seemed as if the very mountain itself was tumbling in ruins. The whole cliff quivered with the tremendous vibration and the roar of it was deafening. A huge cloud of dust rose, hiding everything beneath, and when it cleared the whole pass was seen to be blocked by a barrier fully a hundred feet high over which nothing but perhaps a squirrel could pass.

The Indians had, every one of them, vanished. They had bolted back into the upper gorge. Tod gazed down at the vast ruin. "We've done them all right," he remarked; "but it looks to me we've done ourselves as well."

Derek paid no attention. He was hurrying back to the brow of the slope up which they had climbed. As he had expected, Yarm's men were already making ready to climb it.

"Come on down," Derek shouted to Tod. "We have to get to that ledge where the loose stones lie."

All four scurried down to the ledge. They had left their packs at the top. Tod was already rolling a large stone to the edge when Derek stopped him.

"Yarm is signalling. He wants to parley."

Sure enough the old priest was standing up in the open making signals with his raised arms.

As Derek spoke he was signalling back. There was a regular code of signals used in the valley between the terraces and Derek knew enough of them to answer Yarm's. Presently Yarm came forward alone up the hill, and Derek went down to meet him. They met on a broad ledge midway between where Tod stood and the bottom.

The priest's face was set in hard lines and Derek felt he was going to be pretty difficult to handle. He waited to hear what the old man would say.

"You have aided the enemies of our people," he began harshly. "By our law your lives are forfeit."

"I thought you had another law," replied Derek quietly. "One which made it a capital offence for any of your people to leave the valley."

"Such a law does not hold in a case like this," returned Yarm. "The King is above the law, and his were the orders by which we have followed you. The order of the King is that you and your companions shall at once return to the valley."

"We are no longer in his territory, so we are not under his law or orders," replied Derek. "I think the best thing you can do is to return and tell him so."

Yarm's face quivered with rage and for a moment Derek thought the priest was going to seize him. But the man controlled himself.

"You refuse to come?" he said fiercely.

"Do not be foolish," Derek answered with a smile. "You know quite well that you do not want me back, for your people would not allow me or my friends to be killed."

"That is not so certain," retorted Yarm grimly. "And so you will find when we have taken you back."

Derek grew a little impatient.

"But we are not going back, and you cannot take us. If you try we shall loose more stones upon you. And above you stands the Americano with the gun. Even if the stones miss you the shots from his gun will not."

Yarm looked at Derek with a sort of unwilling admiration.

"It may be that Koh is right," he said slowly. "A boy such as you might grow into a good king." Then his eyes narrowed again, and his whole face took on that rock-like look. "But that is a matter for thought. Meantime, you will obey orders and return to the valley." Quick as a striking snake he caught Derek round the waist and held him tightly.

"Now let your friends roll stones or shoot," he said with a sneer.

TO BE CONTINUED



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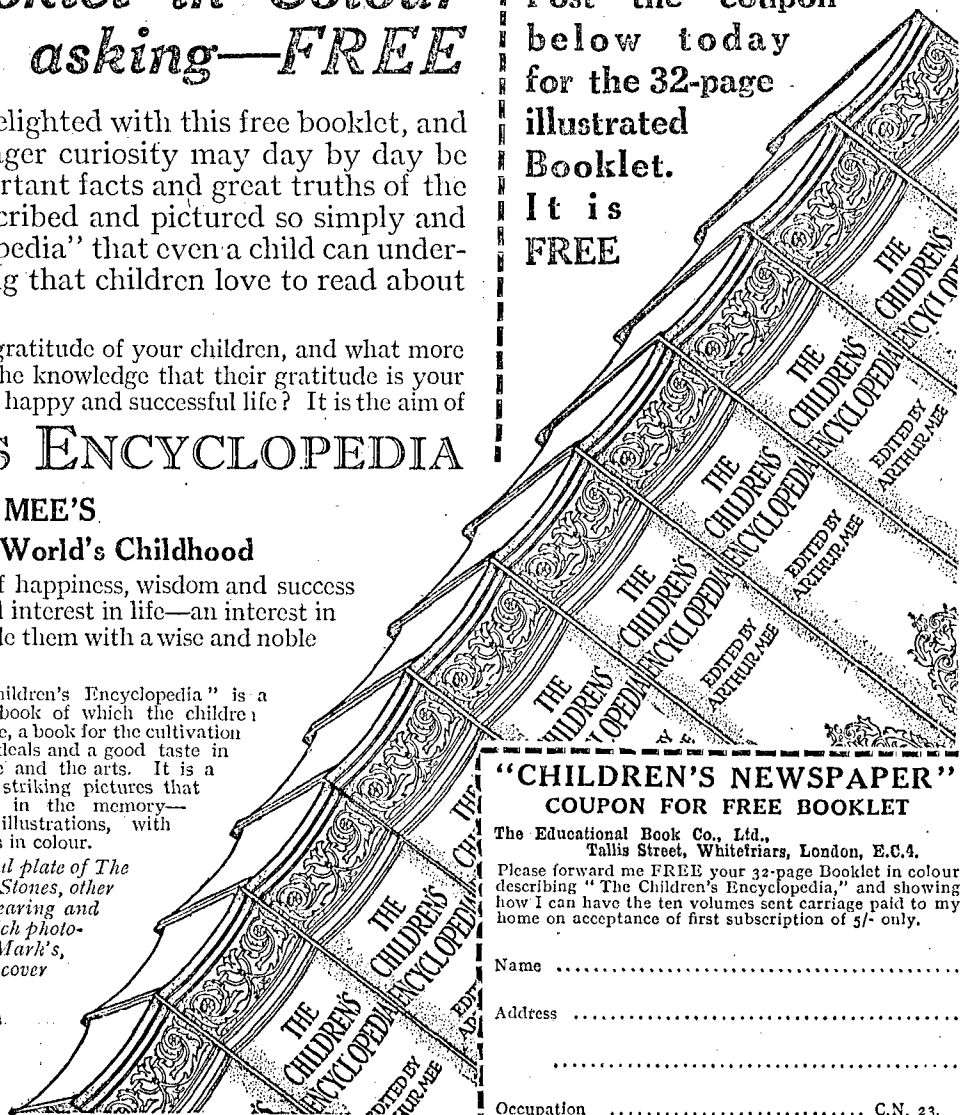
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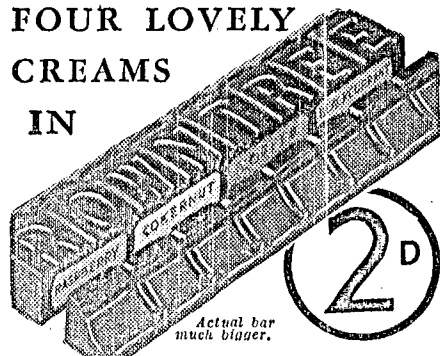
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HARD or SOFT?

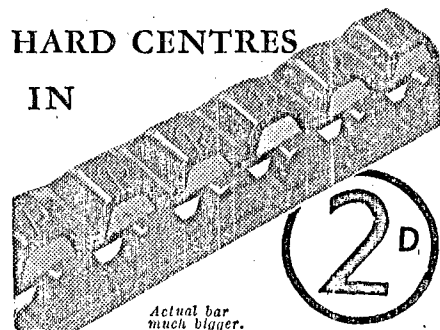
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 5, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

Telegraph Posts

A CAR passes one-third as many telegraph posts every minute as it is travelling miles an hour. What is the distance between the posts? *Answer next week*

A Picture Puzzle



FIND the names of the objects shown here and place them in such order that two consecutive letters from each word will spell the name of a Spring flower. *Answer next week*

Long Ago

Diving Suit. Most people would declare that the diving suit is an invention of modern science, so that it is somewhat astonishing to read of this patent granted to John Stapleton on March 17, 1693:

"A new engine so by him contrived as to permit a person enclosed in it to walk under water, and of a newly-invented way to force air into any depth of water to supply the person in the said engine therewith and for continuing a lamp burning under water; also a way to purify the air so as to make the same servicable for respiration."

Telling the Time With a Shilling

You may like to try this old experiment. Tie one end of a piece of thread round a shilling, and hold the other between your thumb and first finger. Let the coin hang inside an empty tumbler, and keep your hand steady.

The shilling should become stationary and then swing like a pendulum, striking the nearest hour against the glass. Try it.

Ici On Parle Français

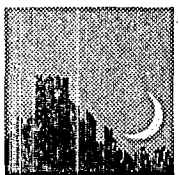


La ceinture Le laquis Un agenouilloir
Sa ceinture est nouée à gauche.
Le laquis ouvrira la portière.
Mets un pied sur l'agenouilloir.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the West and Saturn is in the South-East.

In the evening Venus is in the South-West, and Jupiter and Neptune are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon at 7 p.m. on Thursday, March 10.



Do You Live at Odell?

THE old form of this place-name was Wodhull, meaning wood hill, from the Middle-English words wode and hull.

A Puzzle Word

A WORD there is, six letters it contains;
Take one away, and twelve you'll find remains. *Answer next week*

Crooked Usage

SURELY the most curiously named London street is Crooked Usage, in Chelsea. It is thought to date from Saxon times when the land was divided into agricultural plots. They were separated by grass borders called usages, which were almost invariably straight.

Because this unusual one was not straight its memory is perpetuated to this day.

A Charade

ALTHOUGH my first may give you pain,

Tis valued as a treasure;
My next, if suffered to remain,
Will furnish some with pleasure.
My whole's an ornament, tis true,
Though usefulness combining,
Which, probably, you have in view
When by your fire reclining. *Answer next week*

The Fieldfare

SOME of our winter visitors, the fieldfares, are now leaving us, while others may stay for several more weeks.

At this time, too, it is sometimes possible to hear the song of the fieldfare, which is soft and melodious, though the bird also utters a harsh chattering cry.

Fieldfares are usually found in flocks. They are very shy birds, though hard weather will drive them to gardens in search of food.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

How Can They Manage It?

Either Tom or Harry may give 1d to Dick and 1d to John; the other must then give 2d to John.

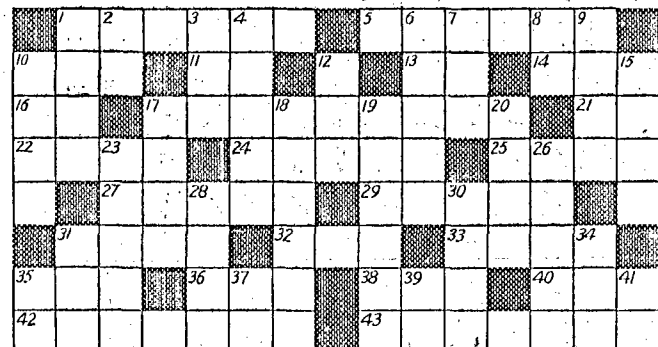
Find These Words Pictorial: Acrostic
Caravan, caramel, Caliper S
care, carol, cart, H a T
carve, carrot, R u i N
L e v e L
E y e
S t o r y

What Country?

Austria

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 48 words or abbreviations in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. The art of healing. 5. Metrical composition. 10. Exist. 11. Printer's measure. 13. Field-Marshal. 14. Vital juice. 16. Royal Academician. 17. Handsome. 21. Royal Institution. 22. The ideal representative of a group. 24. Church land. 25. An augury. 27. Scours. 29. A subtle kind of sarcasm. 31. The central part of a fruit. 32. Boy's name. 33. Soaks. 35. A public vehicle. 36. Shelter. 38. Before. 40. Margin. 42. Ivy. 43. Wrongly employed.

Reading Down. 1. To make supplication. 2. Him. 3. The seat of episcopal power. 4. An effigy. 6. To tender. 7. Large Australian bird. 8. Royal Society. 9. Ready. 10. Crafts. 12. Devoured. 15. To grieve for. 17. Fur-bearing animal. 18. Coat named after a province. 19. In the same place. 20. Solitary. 23. Ordinary spoken or written language. 26. Fables. 28. Yielded by seaweed when burned. 30. To be obliged for something. 31. A hound. 34. To perceive. 35. Before Christ. 37. Early English. 39. A learned society. 41. Doctor's degree.*

Dr MERRYMAN

Smart

FIRST TRAMP: What happened when you asked that cook for some pie?

Second Tramp: I received a tart reply.

Found Out

THEY were discussing old Moneybags.

"Yes," said Jack, "modern science has cost him a year of his life."

"A badly-managed operation?"

"No; his finger-prints were responsible."

Correct

TEACHER: How many teeth has a human being?

Pupil: A mouthful, miss.

A Poor Cook



YOUNG KATE made the custard And used the wrong pot! She made it with mustard, And oh, it was hot!

Exaggeration

SNIP: Young Snap lives in good style. I'm pretty certain he overdraws his bank account.

Snorum: Well, he certainly overdraws his account of his account.

Not Today, Thank You

THE caller was trying to sell wireless sets.

"Is your father fond of listening in?" he asked the young son of the house, who answered his knock on the door.

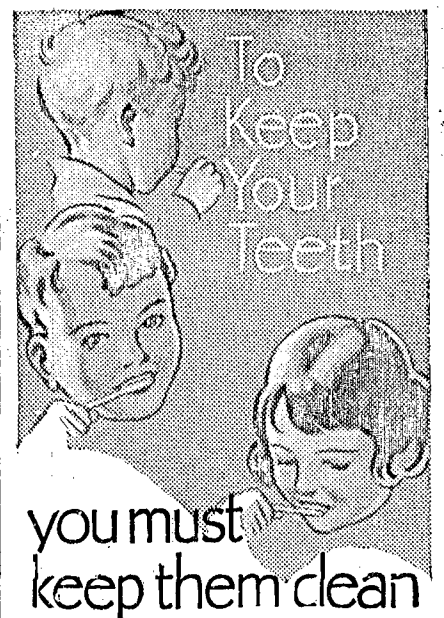
"Not nearly so fond as he is of speaking out," replied the boy as he closed the door.

New Laid?

SMITH was well known at the little restaurant.

"These are the best eggs we've had for years," confided his usual waiter.

"Bring me some you haven't had so long," replied Smith.



you must keep them clean

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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

DAVID, the poor shepherd's son, was trudging over the downs with his mother's basket full of the weekly provisions and his head full of dreams.

Though only a slight, underfed boy, who never knew what it was to have his hunger satisfied, he longed to be a man and to do a man's deeds; and sometimes on cold, frosty nights when, in the lambing season, he sat watching in a tiny hut on the downs, he thought of his namesake, that other shepherd, the young David who slew the lion that came and preyed among his flock.

But when David had the chance of earning a few shillings as shepherd, he never had to face anything more

dreadful than hunger and the great cold that made his fingers and toes burn and ache so painfully.

The road in the distance curled across the downs like a white ribbon, and upon it crawled a procession of dark vans. David sat down on a little tufty hummock and watched it.

He gave a sigh to think that he had to hurry home with his mother's groceries while an exciting circus travelled away to the next town. But he must trudge on again with his heavy basket.

Some instinct made him turn suddenly and glance behind him, and his heart began to thump loudly. He stood up.

Something was gliding across the downs stealthily, a long, lithe form with a great maned head; an enormous lion moving his head from side to side as though scenting the innocent lambs.

For a moment David's brain refused to work; but as the lion advanced more quickly inspiration came to him, and he plunged his hand into the basket and took out the Sunday joint and held it out to the lion, looking at him steadfastly.

A quarter of a mile away there was a shearing barn; David backed the whole distance, holding out the meat until the lion was so near that he could smell its strange, acrid scent, and his heart thumped wildly. At last the

A WATCHER OF FLOCKS

barn was reached and David backed in, followed by the lion, and in an instant he had thrown the meat to the beast and was outside with the doors shut fast.

The shepherd's family dined on turnips the next day, but nobody cared; for hadn't they a boy who could tame lions!

The circus proprietor was even more delighted, for if the beast had escaped he would have perhaps had to shoot a very valuable animal.

"Here is the sort of lad I want to work among the beasts," he said to the shepherd; and so David, who, like his great namesake, had been delivered "out of the lion's paw," left his quiet flocks to become the friend of wild beasts.